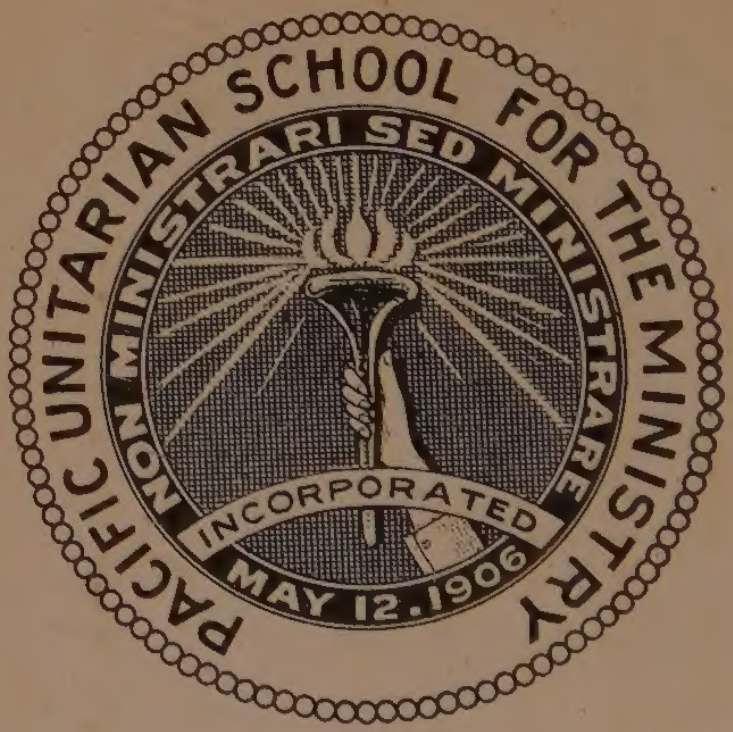

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July 30th 1890

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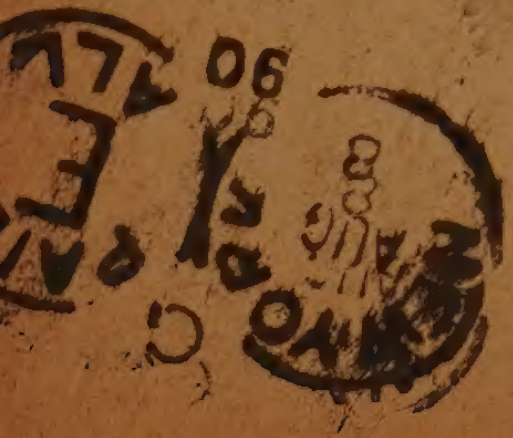

F. L. Hosmer.

THE

ESSEX HALL HYMNAL.

THE

ESSEX HALL HYMNAL

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OF THE

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN

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PREFACE.

THE ESSEX HALL HYMNAL aims to meet the wish which was expressed some time since at a meeting of the Council, for the publication of a hymn-book "in a cheap but readable form." It was hoped that this end might be secured by the Association "adopting, and if necessary purchasing the copyright of, some existing book." A new compilation was not then contemplated, nor was the idea of making one entertained by the Committee until it had become evident, much to their regret, that to carry out the original intention of the Council in adopting an existing hymn-book was impossible.

But it was not impossible (and this the Committee felt themselves compelled at length to undertake) to produce a book which might be cheap in form, and therefore of reasonable proportions as to the number of the hymns; comprehensive in spirit, so that its contents might be available for universal use; and popular in the sense of being specially adapted for congregational worship. At the same time, it has been the endeavour of those to whom the compilation was entrusted, to select such hymns as could be sung with reasonable consistency, as the expression

20048

of their real sentiment and feeling, by all persons familiar with the varied experiences of the religious life, whatever their profession or creed.

A considerable number of the hymns most in favour in our churches have become popular in forms more or less altered from the original; in those instances which have been traced, such variation is marked in this hymnal by an asterisk following the author's name. The same mark is appended in the few cases of change which occur for the first time in this edition, leave having been obtained wherever practicable in all cases of recent or copyright hymns. Some instances where omissions of verses occur, for the sake of brevity or otherwise, it has not been thought necessary to note. In the case, however, of hymn 328, it was the author's wish that the omission of a verse at the end might be noted as having been made not at his suggestion, though with his knowledge.

The cordial thanks of the Association are due to numerous correspondents, including several editors of similar collections; and to the following ladies and gentlemen for permission to use copyright hymns: Rev. Dendy Agate; Rev. S. Baring-Gould; the Bishop of Exeter; Rev. A. N. Blatchford; Prof. J. S. Blackie; Lady Bowring (for hymns by Sir J. Bowring); Miss Jane Borthwick; Mrs. E. F. Bridell-Fox (for hymns by the Rev. W. J. Fox); Rev. W. Bright; Rev. S. A. Brooke; Messrs. Burns and Oates (for hymns by Rev F. W. Faber*); Rev. A. Chalmers; Mr. S. Charlesworth; Miss F. P. Cobbe; Rev. J. Ellerton; Rev.

* No. 450 in an altered form.

T. W. Freckelton; Canon C. W. Furse (for hymns by Dean Monsell); Dr. Daniel Gilbert (for a hymn by Miss A. A. Procter); Mrs. Hatch (for a hymn by the Rev. E. Hatch); Mr. J. T. Hayes (for hymns by the Rev. J. M. Neale); Rev. T. Hincks; Rev. J. Page Hopps; Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake; Mrs. C. S. Lunn; Mrs. Lynch (for hymns by the Rev. T. T. Lynch); Rev. Dr. Martineau; Rev. W. Tidd Matson; Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons (for a hymn by the Rev. J. D. Burns); Messrs. Nisbet and Co. (for hymns by the Rev. H. Bonar); Dr. F. T. Palgrave; Mr. J. Parker (for a hymn by the Rev. I. Williams); Rev. C. T. Poynting (for a hymn by the Rev. T. E. Poynting); the family of the late Mr. G. Rawson; Mrs. Mabyn Read; the Religious Tract Society (for hymns by Miss Charlotte Elliott); Mrs. J. Euphemia Saxby; Mr. Giles Shaw (for hymns by Miss Frances R. Havergal); Rev. Godfrey Thring; Mr. A. Chevenix Trench (for hymns by Archbishop Trench); Rev. L. Tuttiett; the Bishop of Wakefield; Rev. Douglas Walmsley; Rev. B. Waugh.

Like most modern compilations of the kind, the present collection owes much to the genius and versatility of American authors, as many as forty of whom are named in the list at the end of the book. Some of them are no longer surviving, as the Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, the Rev. S. Johnson, the Rev. J. Pierpont, and the poet of world-wide fame, W. Cullen Bryant; but others whose published works have been largely drawn upon are happily still able to receive the cordial acknowledgments which the compilers desire to offer, specially the Rev. S. Longfellow, Dr.

O. W. Holmes, the Rev. W. H. Furness, the Rev. Dr. Hedge, Mr. J. G. Whittier, the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, and the Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

The right of publishing copyright hymns has been purchased from Messrs. Bell and Co. (in the case of some of Miss A. A. Procter's hymns); Mr. W. Chatterton Dix; Mr. T. H. Gill; Messrs. Longmans and Co. (in the case of Miss Winkworth's translations from the Lyra Germanica); the family of the late Bishop Chr. Wordsworth.

The compilers have taken pains to avoid infringements of copyright, and they have sought the consent of authors in every case when their addresses were procurable: they can only apologize if in any instance such infringement may have occurred. Several hymns by a distinguished authoress, which it was desired to insert, they have been compelled to omit, permission having been refused by the Society now holding her copyright. This solitary exception to the universal courtesy with which requests for permission were met by members of all sections of the Christian Church is much regretted, as not only depriving the collection of some valuable hymns, but especially as breaking the harmony of religious fellowship which is so greatly fostered by the common catholicity of Christian hymnals.

A note should here be added on the method of marking the metres. The position of the letter "M" indicates that of the accent: thus, when it is placed *before* the figures indicating the number of syllables, the first syllable is the accented one; if the "M" is placed *after* the figures, the accent is on the second

syllable. As the figures represent the varying lengths of line in each verse, if a hymn has two lines exactly similar in length to two preceding lines, the numbers of syllables are not repeated, but the *next change* is indicated. By following this rule, the notation of the metres has been much abbreviated. In the case of "peculiar metres," most choirs possess collections of tunes from which those most suitable to the hymns can be readily found, and are already well known. It should, however, be pointed out that several oversights have occurred in the printing, which may be easily corrected by those who have the direction of the church music. The notation of hymn 87 should be 8 M; of 171, 11.5. M; of 363, 10.6.10. M; and of 379, 7.6. M.

In committing their work to the use of the congregations, the compilers earnestly hope that it may prove to many souls one of those "steps unto heaven" for which a sweet singer of our own communion has taught the Church Universal to pray.

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HYMNS.

MORNING.

1 L.M.

Oh timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. Keble.

2 M. 7.

In the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise;
In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over each besetting sin.

Keep my feet from hidden snares,
Save me from o'erburdening cares;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from ill defend.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

*W. H. Furness.**

3 L.M.

WHETHER men reap or sow the fields,
Her admonitions Nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give:

That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart;
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn till eve with hallowed rest.

W. Wordsworth.

4 L.M.

SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power!
Fountain of light and love below!
Abroad thy healing influence shower,—
On all thy servants let it flow.

Inflame our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil:
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.

Father! 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
Oh feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

J. Wesley.

5 M. 7.

SAFELY through another week,
Thou hast brought us on our way;
Now thy blessing, Lord, we seek,
On the opening Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand,
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand;—
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this day with thee.

As our spirits heavenward rise,
May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear!
Holy may each Sabbath prove,
Till we join the church above!

*J. Newton.**

6 L.M.

ANOTHER six-days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for thy children, Lord, remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

*J. Stennett.**

7

8.6.8.4. M.

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail, day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

8 S.M.

This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Lord of life and death.

J. Ellerton.

9 S.M

LORD! in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend;
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight!
And grant us in those courts to pray
Of pure, unclouded light.

G. Bulfinch.

10 M. 7.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light which not of earth is born
From thy dawn in glory streams.

Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road.

Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace.

But the rest that yet remains
For thy children, Lord, above,
Knows no change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Father's love.

*Julia A. Elliott.**

11 L.M.

THIS day let grateful praise ascend
To thee, our Father and our Friend,
Thee, Author of this holy light,
Thee, throned in boundless power and might.

Oh let the sacred hours be given
To truth, to duty, and to heaven;
While trusting faith and holy love
Rise fervent to thy throne above.

So may our earthly Sabbaths be
But dawnings of eternity,
To shadow forth the perfect rest,
The heavenly quiet of the blest.

M. W. Hale.

12 L.M.

O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

O Father! God below, above!
Man's noblest work is praising thee;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

Emily Taylor.

13 L.M.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

14 L.M.

Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

I. Watts.

15 L.M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts.

16 L.M.D

O God of nature and of grace,
How lovely is thy dwelling-place!
The temple where thou art adored
As universal King and Lord.
Where meet the simple-hearted just,
In holy awe and child-like trust,
To catch devotion's sacred flame,
And sing the glories of thy name.

Yet not alone in sacred fane
Dost thou in sovereign greatness reign;
From the earth's plains and mountains bold,
Firm fixed on their foundations old,
From oceans that obey thy will,
Thy kingdom stretches widening still;
Far as the searching eye can pierce
The grand and glowing universe.

And when the light of Science fails,
And her own region Faith unveils;
Ascending to her heavenly goal,
What glories burst upon the soul!
The visible creation fades,
The sun and stars are dimmed in shades,
Before that revelation bright,
That blaze of uncreated light.

O God of nature and of grace,
How spacious is thy dwelling-place!
From low-roofed churches, towers sublime,
From minsters sanctified by time,
And homes where humble people dwell,
What songs of holy gladness swell!
Joining the hymn of earth and sea,
And starry heavens, that mounts to thee.

17 S.M.

Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;

Up to thy dwelling-place
  Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
  And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor.

18 M. 8.7.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
  Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
  Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
  Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
  Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation?
  Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
  From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
  God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
  From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
  Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
  Faithful subjects to thy laws,—
Lord, with favour still attend us;
  Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
  All our hope is from above.

J. Taylor.

19 L.M.

If, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands,
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.

If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole,
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.

If there be still a sacrifice
That may to God with favour rise,
Let me present a contrite heart
Ere from this temple I depart.

Where God would have the oblation made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

W. Lamport.

20 S. M.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
In songs of praise rejoice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessings high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

*J. Montgomery.**

21

M. 8.8.7.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see:

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

W. J. Fox.

22 L. M.

Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how awful is this place:
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

From G. Tersteegen, by J. Wesley.

23 L. M.

O LORD! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

W. Cowper.

24 C. M.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine;
Oh let thy mercy crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself would give,
If thou thy love restrain.

With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

P. Doddridge.

25 M. 7.5.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heaven, thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive and save.

When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
  Lord, forgive and save.

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess :
  Father, hear and save.

And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free :
  Hear, forgive and save.

Eliza F. Morris.

26 C. M.

The heaven of heavens cannot contain
  The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
  To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
  Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
  The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,
  Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
  Are ever near his throne.

W. Drennan.

27 C. M.

O LORD! our languid souls inspire,
For here we feel thou art!
Send down a beam of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high
To make our virtues grow.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

J. Newton.

28 C. M.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple of the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

O Lord! while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

*T. Jervis.**

29 C. M.

Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace upon our heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our souls resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle.

30 6.4. M.

Lord of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

Oh happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

I. Watts.

31 8. M.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly :
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray :
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought our rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Bp. Heber.

32 M. 7. D.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe :
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High ;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast ;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee:
Shower, Oh shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte.

33 C. M.

The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there.

Our offerings will indeed be blest
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure spirit touch the breast
With its own purity.

Oh may that spirit warm each heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

*Sir J. Bowring.**

34 C.M.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

J. Montgomery.

35 C.M.

Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
  Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
  The eloquence of praise.

But sweeter far the still, small voice,
  Heard by no human ear;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
  And dried the bitter tear.

No accents flow, no words ascend;
  All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
  And God accepts, the prayer.

36 L.M.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at the Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped temptation's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since he bids me seek his face,
Confide in him and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Fanny Crosby.

37 M. 7.

They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

O. Holden.

38 7.6. M.

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,—
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The power that God hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
And remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

*Jane C. Simpson.**

39 8.4. M.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Then is my strength by thee renewed,
Then are my sins by thee forgiven,
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my ev'ry want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,—
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

40 C.M.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;
Its tumult, toil, and care;
Oh may I find thy peace and rest
In this still hour of prayer.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee! and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

*W. Cowper.**

41 C.M.

What shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

Father of all our mercies—thou,
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel;
Oh give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,
In thee may we have peace!

J. Montgomery.

42 L.M.

How, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet?
Oh! how should souls immortal meet?
How lose themselves in heaven awhile?
How win thine own eternal smile?

Come beautiful as souls should be:
Come beautiful for God to see:
Come holy-fair, come heavenly-bright,
And give the All-seeing Eye delight.

Come souls! thus glorious soar and sing;
The Lord's own beauty with you bring.—
Ye merciful! from you how sweet
The service of the mercy-seat!

Ye upright! be not faint of tongue;
The faithful Lord will love your song:
O pure of heart! how meetly ye
Aspire to praise his purity!

Ye loving! of large souls and free,
Whose hours run on forgivingly,
You, chief, the God of Love will hear,
Your own, the incessant Pardoner.

Yet better songs, ye godly! raise;
More nobly live, more sweetly praise!
Till, beauteous round the heavenly throne,
Ye worship best the Holy One.

T. H. Gill.

43 M. 7.

Hark, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King:
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part!
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

J. Austin.

44 M. 7.

Oh be joyful in the Lord,
  Every land beneath the sun:
In his praise, with glad accord,
  Let all tongues and hearts be one:
For our God is God alone,
Whose we are, and not our own;
We his people are—the sheep
He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

Come and join the joyous throng
  Who Jehovah's praise proclaim:
In his courts, with grateful song,
  Speak the honours of his name.
Rich his bounty to our race;
Inexhaustible his grace;
Ready to forgive and bless;
Ever sure his faithfulness.

J. Conder.

45 10.11. M.

Oh worship the King all-glorious above;
Oh gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite!
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, our Father, and Friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

*Sir R. Grant.**

46 M. 7.

ALLELUIA! Raise, Oh raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants, join to sing
God, our Saviour and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone—
Higher than the heavens his throne—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name—for ever praise.

J. Conder.

47 L.M.

The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!

The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown:
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

Oh when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake;
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

*J. Conder.**

48 C.M.

Sing forth his high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same—
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless—
The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds—
The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call;
Oh may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise—
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, loving, righteous One—
The only Lord of all.

S. Longfellow.

49

M. 8.7.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion!
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
  For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
  Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore him,
  Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before him,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. Fawcett.

50 M. 8.7.

Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
  Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
  Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
  Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
  For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
  Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
  Sin and death shall not prevail;
Praise the God of our salvation,
  Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
  Praise and magnify his name.

51 M. 8.7.7.

O MY soul, with all thy powers
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed:
Rich in tender mercy he,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus;
As a father, loving-hearted
Spares his son, he spareth us.
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
Fair and beautiful: anon,
When the wind of autumn bloweth,
Look again—the flower is gone!
Such is man; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children he will bless.

J. Montgomery.

52 S.M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His word subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour:

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

I. Watts.

53

M. 7.

Oh give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

Oh give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His our warm and sentient frame,
His the mind's immortal flame.
Oh how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal Mind!

Oh give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

J. Conder.

54

M. 8.7.8.8.7.

Angels holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright, night and noonlight,
  Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
  Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary, tell his glory:
  Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
  Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rock and highland, wood and island,
  Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
  Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rolling river, praise him ever,
  From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
  Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man, land and sea man,
  Earth with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
  Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise him ever, bounteous giver;
  Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
  Praise the great and mighty Lord!

J. S. Blackie.

55

M. 7.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He by wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;
He with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need.
He hath with a pitying eye
Looked upon our misery.

Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton.

56

M. 7.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

*F. S. Pierpoint.**

57 L.M.

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow.
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. Longfellow.

58 L.M.

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

59

M. 11.10.6.11.

Ancient of ages! humbly bent before thee,
Songs of glad homage, Lord! to thee we bring:
Touched by thy spirit, Oh teach us to adore thee,
Sole God and Father! everlasting King!
Let thy light attend us:
Let thy grace befriend us!
Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King!

Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe thy name be known;
Millions of voices shall join in adorations—
Join to adore thee, Undivided One!
Every soul invited,
Every voice united—
United to praise thee, Undivided One!

Sir J. Bowring.

60 M. 11.5.

FATHER, Oh hear us, seeking now to praise thee!
Thou art our hope, our confidence, our Saviour;
Thou art the refuge of the generations,
Lord God Almighty.

Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
Changeless, eternal, holiest, and wisest,
Hear thou thy children.

We are thy children, asking thee to bless us,
Banded together for a full obedience,
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
Lord, in thy service.

Childhood shall learn to know thee and revere thee;
Manhood shall serve thee, strong in power and knowledge;
Old age shall trust thee, having felt thy mercy,
E'en 'mid the shadows.

Bless thou our purpose, consecrate our labours,
Keep us still faithful to the best and truest,
Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy
Learners of Jesus.

Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,
Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,
To thee, the holy, merciful, and mighty,
Father, our Father.

D. Walmsley.

61 5.8.5. M.

Lord God Almighty,
Who hearest all who cry to thee,
To thee I cry,—Oh hear thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord God Almighty,
Who lovest all who trust in thee,
Both small and great,—Oh love thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord God Almighty,
Who healest all who come to thee;
In faith I come,—Oh heal thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord God Almighty,
Who savest all who saved would be;
I fear, I faint,—Oh save thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord God Almighty,
Which was, and is, and is to be,
All praise and glory be to thee,
Lord God Almighty.

G. Thring.

62 L.M.

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung!

J. Pierpont.

63 M. 7.

Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored:
Lord! thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

B. Williams.

64 L.M.

To thee, O Lord, with humble fear
The heavenly hosts their voices raise:
E'en mortals share thy bounties here;
Let mortals, too, attempt thy praise.

Of all things thou the parent art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix our wavering heart;
To thee let all our actions tend.

Thou, Lord, art light: thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.

Thou, Lord, art love: the fountain thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, Oh shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose!

So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

J. A. Freylinghausen.

65 10. M.

Infinite God, thou great unrivalled One!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun;
Compared with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
How quenched the radiance of his golden beams!

Thou art our bliss, the light by which we move;
In thee alone dwells all that we can love:
All darkness flies when thou art pleased to appear;
A sudden spring renews the fading year.

Where'er we turn, we see thy power and grace,
The watchful guardians of our heedless race;
Thou art our firm support, our rock, our tower;
We dwell secure beneath thy sheltering power.

Thy various creatures in one strain agree;
All, in all times and places, speak of thee:
We, too, with trembling heart, and faltering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

Mme. Guion.

66 M. 8.7.

Mighty God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name!
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:

For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign!

*R. Robinson.**

67 L.M.

Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!
With splendour from thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenished.

To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high,
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise thee.

The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast:
The holy church, in every place,
Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call!

St. Ambrose: tr. Luther.

68 C.M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered blessings on my head
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those blessings flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

J. Addison.

69 C.M.

Eternal God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

In all the varying scenes of time,
  On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
  Our Father and our Friend.

*Dr. J. Thomson.**

70 L.M.

High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But we can bless thee for thy care.

O God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of men in their distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

*I. Watts.**

71 6.7.6. M.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us;
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given;
We lift our hearts to him
Who reigns in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinckart: tr. C. Winksworth.

72 8.4. M.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all:

To thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
Oh may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all.

Bp. C. Wordsworth.

73 M. 7.

Thou who art enthroned above!
Thou by whom we live and move!
Thee we bless; thy praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue.

Oh how sweet, how excellent
'Tis with tongue and heart's consent,—
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
To renown thy name in songs!

When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.

Decks the spring with flowers the field,
Harvest rich doth autumn yield—
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from thee these blessings flow.

Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, thou art most great, most high!
Such from all eternity!

G. Sandys.

74 8. M.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. Moore.

75

Above, below, where'er I gaze, 8. M.
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind
That turns the ocean wave to foam;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find
When summer airs around me roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself, for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the depth of night,
I read thy name in every star;
And when the radiant orb of light
With gold hath tipped the hills afar,
That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn;
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here."

76 L.M.

TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

Through nature's works its glories shine:
The cares of Providence are thine;
And grace erects our mortal frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

Oh give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, with reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

P. Doddridge.

77 L.M.

GREATEST of Beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee the great Lord of light proclaim.

And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And, blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat thy glorious praise,
Or raise so sweet a harmony.

*G. Dyer.**

78 L.M.D.

GREAT God! all nature owns thy sway!
Thou giv'st the glory of the day:
When all the wide creation wakes,
When morning rich in beauty breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade—
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,

Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lift the softened heart to thee.

In every scene thy power has dressed,
In every form by thee impressed;
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human heart in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
Those joys that from thy presence rise.

*Helen M. Williams.**

79 L.M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;—
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As thou dost gird thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy Spirit's might!

So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Bp. Cotton.

80 C.M.

Lord! thou art good; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

The whole and every part proclaims
Unlimited good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And broods on every hill.

It spreads through all the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in every shower of rain,
And rolls on every tide.

Still hath it been diffused and free,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
  Spreads joy through every part;
Lord! let such goodness draw mine eyes,
  And captivate my heart.

High admiration let it raise,
  And strong affection move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
  And fill my heart with love.

S. Browne.

81 L.M.

There's not a bird in lonely nest,
In pathless wood, or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God! in thy paternal care.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude;
And thou dost bless the wanderer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its gracious wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

B. W. Noel.

82 10.11. M.

My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name,
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim;
To God their Creator let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

Though hid from man's sight in brightness his throne,
Yet here, by his works, their Author is known.
The world shines a mirror, its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
Whose will hath created, whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Though falling through sin, by grace is renewed.
Then to his Creator let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

*T. Park.**

83 C.M.

I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

All creatures, numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh!

*I. Watts.**

84 7.6. M.

The heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill, the skies:
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

There, from his bright pavilion,
  Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million,
  The sun sets forth; right glad,
His glorious race commencing,
  The mighty giant seems;
Through the vast round dispensing
  His all-pervading beams.

So pure, so soul-restoring,
  Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
  Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
  It makes the simple wise;
And evermore abiding,
  Unfailing joy supplies.

J. Conder.

85 L.M.D.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

J. Addison.

86 L.M.

Our God is good: in earth or sky,
From ocean depths or spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts—all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

The happy birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every year renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers—"God is good."

We hear it in the rushing breeze,
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing skies, and swelling seas,
All join the chorus—"God is good."

Yea, God is good, all nature says,
  By his own power with speech endued;
And man, in sweeter tones of praise,
  Should gladly sing—that God is good.

J. H. Gurney.

87

8.6. M.

The earth is thine, thou keepest it,
  That man may labour not in vain;
Thou giv'st the grass, the grain, the tree,
Seed-time and harvest come from thee,
  The early and the latter rain!

The earth is thine—the summer earth,
  Fresh with the dews, with sunshine bright;
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing-birds and balmy flowers,
  Creatures of beauty and delight.

The earth is thine—when days are dim,
  And leafless stands the stately tree;
When from the north the fierce winds blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow—
  The earth pertaineth still to thee!

The earth is thine—thy creature, man!
  Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death,
Whate'er all space inhabiteth—
  Creator! Father! all are thine!

Mary Howitt.

88 L.M.

The earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields its various fruits to men;
To men, who from his bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call;
The Father and the Friend of all!

T. Gibbons.

89 L.M.

No human eyes thy face may see;
No human thought thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow!

And yet, Oh strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
  Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
  To see and know the Eternal Mind;

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside
  Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
  To know their hearts approved by thine.

So though we faint on life's dark hill,
  And thought grow weak and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
  And love shall guide us on to thee.

T. W. Higginson.

90 L.M.

Thou One in all, thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to thee our grateful praise.

We bless thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

For life that thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like thine,
For duties that our hands employ,—
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.

Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with thee.

S. C. Beach.

91 C.M.D.

O Thou who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home.

F. L. Hosmer.

92 L.M.

O SOURCE divine and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so 'mid boundless time and space
We learn at last in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

Never may life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Give thou to every joyous thrill
The deeper tone of reverent awe:
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach our hearts to love thy law.

J. Sterling.

93 11.10. M.

I CANNOT find thee! still, on restless pinion,
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander, lost, through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! e'en when most adoring
  Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
  From further quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
  And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
  Thy splendour shineth: there, O God, thou art!

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
  The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
  And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

94 8.6. M.

O God! beyond that boundless sea,
  Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
  Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
  That thou, my God! art nigh.

Thou 'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
  Feels after thee in vain:
Thy herald is the stormy wind,
  Thy path the watery plain:
But thee in tempests who can find,
  Or in the trackless main?

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
  Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
  Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
  Who yet is everywhere?

Oh not in circling depth or height,
  But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
  There does his Spirit rest.
Oh come, thou Presence infinite!
  And make thy creature blest.

*J. Conder.**

95 C.M.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
  Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
  Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
  Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
  How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
  Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
  In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
  It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
  By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
  Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
  Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
  And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
  And read thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

96 C.M.

Thou Grace divine, encircling all,
  A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
  O Love of God most free!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
  The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
  O Love of God most kind!

When over dizzy heights we go,
  One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
  O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
  And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
  O Love of God most strong!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
  Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
  O Love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder.

97

M. 8.5.

Unto thee abiding ever,
  Look I in my need;
Strength of every good endeavour,
  Holy thought and deed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
  Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
  Love and Law thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
  Just and sure thy throne;
Not a sparrow falls without thee,
  All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
  All things in and through;
Light thou art of all my seeing,
  Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
  Thou my trust shalt be:
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
  Whom in heaven but thee?

F. L. Hosmer.

98 L.M.

O Love divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near."

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

99 L.M.

Father! beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,—
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
  And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
  Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
  But trust the love that saves, to guide—
The grace that yields so rich a store,
  Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.

100

8.6.8.8. M.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
  And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
  And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
  Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
  I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
  My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
  To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. Longfellow.

101 11.10. M.

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow:
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows
Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

102

M. 7.5.

When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore.

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore.

When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Grant us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown—
Life for evermore.

J. Ellerton.

103 C.M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

I. Watts.

104 10.4. M.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou should'st take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou should'st shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord—till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter.

105 8.4. M.

We cannot always trace the way
Where thou, our gracious Lord, dost move,
But we can always surely say
That thou art love.

When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
  O'er earth—our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring;
    For thou art love.

When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
  We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
    That thou art love.

Yes, thou art love; and truth like this
  Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
    Our God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

106 8.4. M.

Thy will be done! in devious way
  The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
    Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! if o'er us shine
  A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine—
    Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! though shrouded o'er
  Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
    Thy will be done!

Sir J. Bowring.

107 L.M.

"He leadeth me:" Oh blessed thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still it is God that leadeth me.

Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, when Eden bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still it is God that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since it is God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
In death's cold wave I still shall be
With God, my God, who leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore.

108 L.M.

Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be:
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee!

S. Collett.

109 8.4. M.

My God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and bright!

I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

Adelaide A. Procter.

110 C.M.

When I survey life's varied scene,—
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Are health and ease my happy share—
Oh may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

And Oh, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Anne Steele.

111 8.4. M.

My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will be done.

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine:
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done.

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott.

112 C.M.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

113 9.8. M

What comforts, Lord, to those are given
Who seek in thee their home and rest!
They find on earth an opening heaven,
And in thy peace are amply blest.

Their tranquil joy no troubles banish,
Their hiding-place is safe above!
The dismal clouds of night must vanish
At dawning of thy light of love!

In thee, O Lord, I seek protection,
To thee, I take my eager flight:
I yield my feet to thy direction;
Behold! my ways are in thy sight!

If thou through thorny paths wilt lead me,
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord!
The clouds at thy command must feed me,
And rocks refreshing drink afford.

W. C. Dessler.

114 L.M.

FATHER! to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare:
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

W. C. Bryant.

115 S.M.

ALONG my earthly way,
Though clouds be overspread,
And darkness, with no cheerful ray,
Seem gathering o'er my head,—

Yet, Father, thou art love:
Oh hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

And Oh, from that bright throne,
I shall look back, and see,
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

*J. Edmeston.**

116 8.3. M.

Fierce rage the tempests o'er life's deep;
Thy servants, Lord, their vigils keep:
Thou workest, while we watch or weep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," is our cry:
"Oh save us in our agony!"
How sweet to hear thy voice reply,
"Peace, be still!"

The wild winds hush: the angry deep
Sinks like a little child to sleep:
The threatening waves their limits keep,
At thy will.

Whene'er our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink, to rise no more:
"Peace, be still."

Then, when the last dark hour draws near,
That faith may triumph over fear,
May we thy gracious message hear:
"Peace, be still."

117 8. M.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove,
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that thou hast made it mine:
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams.

118 M. 8.7. D.

Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
But thine aid will never fail me,
While on thee I shall rely.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from my own undoing,
May I turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side!

119 C.M.

My God, my Father! blissful name!
Oh may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine.

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
Oh bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

Anne Steele.

120 M. 7.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton.

121 L.M.

O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!

If in the darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no terrors, shall I fear,
Since thou, my God, art always near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Do thou thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head and cheer my heart.

My God! whene'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow thee;
Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen: tr. J. Wesley.

122 L.M.

O God! 'mid all this mystery,
How sweet it is to look to thee,
And gain the strength the words afford—
"Our steps are ordered by the Lord."

Though disappointments oft abound,
And bitter griefs the soul surround,
Still we can trust this loving word—
"Our steps are ordered by the Lord."

In every sad and weary day,
When darkness overspreads our way,
How welcome is the gladsome word—
"Our steps are ordered by the Lord."

Soon shall we reach our fatherland,
Where we shall see the guiding hand,
And then with gratitude record—
"Our steps were ordered by the Lord."

123 C.M.

O God of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

*P. Doddridge.**

124 S.M.

Smile, O my God, on me,
Thy presence let me feel;
My soul thy glory longs to see,
Thyself in me reveal.

I would not wait for heaven,
Heaven may begin below;
To every new-born soul 'tis given
A present God to know.

The vision of thy face
Fresh life and joy inspires,
While o'er my spirit flows the grace
That kindles all her fires.

Though on my saddened heart
The gloom of night should lie,
Faith shall not fail, nor hope depart,
If I but feel thee nigh.

When earth's fleet years are past,
And I no more shall roam,
Give me, my God, to find at last
With thee my changeless home.

Ray Palmer.

125 8. M

Oh for a faith that shall not fail,
One that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move;
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in God to live!

Oh for a heart that when 'tis glad
May ne'er, my God, from thee decline,
And when the hue of life grows sad
May still submit its will to thine;
A heart that loves thee steadfastly,
A patient heart that trusts in thee!

126 8.8.6. M.

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice.

127 8.M.

O LORD! thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far:
Thou show'st paternal tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are:
Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Though clouds and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father! thy mercy never dies.

Fixed in this faith may I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

J. A. Rothe: tr. J. Wesley.

128 7.6. M.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

J. Montgomery.

129 7.8. M.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
And outward weal and woe have been
Still blended in this checkered scene,
And evermore will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
Along the stream our spirits glide,
Feeling the changes of the tide,
Which ever felt by us must be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
And sympathy like change will keep,
And sometimes smile, and sometimes weep;
And smiles and tears will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling:
But still the heavens are blue above,
And o'er our hearts the heaven of love
Makes peace and trust unchanging be,
And time become eternity.

W. J. Fox.

130 C.M.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

131 7.6. M.

Rejoice! though storms assail thee;
Rejoice when skies are bright;
Rejoice! though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night:
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feelings swell.

Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice!
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seemed;
Who poured those rays of gladness
Which on thy prospect beamed?

E'en midst the notes of sorrow,
A still, small, peaceful voice
Mingled its heavenly accents,
And bade thy soul rejoice!
Was not the bow of promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

Rejoice! rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone!
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is—
"Rejoice for evermore!"

*H. Fletcher.**

132 8.4. M.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow, brings,
It is his will.

I. Williams.

133 S.M.D.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands;
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall direct thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His path, unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When God his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand.

Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne:
He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
Oh lift thou up the trembling hand,
Confirm the feeble knee;
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt: tr. J. Wesley.

134 8. M.

He knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray.

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The clouds that came our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen.

He knows when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink.

He knows! Oh thought so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joy we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this.

He knows! O heart, take up thy cross,
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And he will prove as gain our loss.

Marian L. Morris.

135 10.4. M.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn :
Would'st thou ask why—
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie ;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best :
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble souls can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain :
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove ;
Our faith the rain.

In his hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire :
Above, around, beside us, there is One
Will never tire.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie
Our lips in dust—
God's arm will lift us up to victory :
In him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From his great love.

Frances P. Cobbe.

136

M. 8.5.8.3.

God is near thee, therefore cheer thee;
Rest in him, sad soul;
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll.

Calm thy sadness, look in gladness
To thy Friend on high;
Faint and weary pilgrim, cheer thee;
Help is nigh.

Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the stormy skies;
God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries.

Fare thee onward, through the sunshine,
Or through wintry blast:
Fear forsake thee, God will take thee
Home at last.

From the German.

137

M. 8.7.

Yes, for me, for me he careth,
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

H. Bonar.

138 8.7.4.7. M.

Hope on, hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning;
The mists of night
Precede the light,
And usher in the morning.

Hope on, hope on, though black the clouds,
Black shadows intertwining;
Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

Hope on, hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow;
Through wind and rain,
And tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.

Hope on, hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love
From heaven above
Shall shed his radiance o'er thee.

G. Thring.

139

8.6.4.8. M.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right;
His will is ever just;
Howe'er he orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My Light, my Life is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to him I leave it all.

S. Rodigast: tr. C. Winkworth.

140 10.6. M.

He leads us on by paths we did not know:
Upward he leads us though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps, through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'er-clouded days;
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And he, at last, after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

From N. L. Zinzendorf.

141 9.8.8. M.

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trust in God's unchanging love,
Build on the Rock that nought can move.

Only be still, and wait his leisure,
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning Love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

Nor think, amid the heat of trial,
That God hath cast thee off unheard,
That he whose hopes meet no denial
Must surely be of God preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word; though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

G. Neumarck: tr. C. Winkworth.

142 C.M.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

143 C.M.

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die,
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn,
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

F. L. Hosmer.

144 L.M.

Oh blessèd life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the best.

Oh blessèd life! the mind that sees—
Whatever change the years may bring—
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

Oh blessèd life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond, to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

Oh blessèd life! heart, mind, and soul,
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

Oh life! how blessèd! how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Father, fulfil my deep desire
And let this blessèd life be mine.

W. Tidd Matson.

145 7.6. M.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say—
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may;

It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds, be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

146 C.M.D.

As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
So I, my Father, cling to thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;

So I to thee, my Father, look,
And in thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society;
So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

147 C.M.

Author of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

Oh let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply;
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

J. Merrick.

148 C.M.

We bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

149 7.6. M.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day:
It is thy glory brighteneth
The upward streaming ray:
It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship thee:
I feel thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife:
My sufferings and my comforts
Alternate at thy will;
I trust thee, O my Father,
I trust thee, and am still.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room:
The little stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above;
I love thee, O my Father,
And feel that thou art love.

Jane E. Saxby.

150 L.M.

Come, sacred peace, delightful guest,
Diffuse thy heaven within my breast!
Thy soothing power, thy gladdening ray,
God gives, and none can take away.

A stormy world, a heart of sin,
Make strife without and fear within;
But God can give the soul repose,
Though tossed by storms and pressed by foes.

Perpetual summer, cloudless skies,
A gushing spring which never dies,
A table in the desert spread,
A pillow for the weary head:

Such is the peace which God can give,
My sweetest portion while I live;
And when the last dark hour draws nigh,
My sweetest solace as I die.

J. Edmeston.

151 L.M.

Eternal Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
Oh let thy glories on me shine
In earth beneath, from heaven above!

Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

Unfathomable depths thou art!
Oh plunge me in thy mercy's sea;
With faith divine o'erwhelm my heart,
With love inspire and kindle me.

Speak to my warring passions, Peace!
Speak to my troubled heart, Be still:
Bring to my prisoned soul release,
Subdue me to thy sovereign will.

Thee, Sovereign Lord, let all confess
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
And live beneath thy loving eye.

C. Wesley.

152 C.M.

Oh help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh help us, Father ! from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
Oh help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

Dean Milman.

153 L.M.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would need no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

154 11.10. M.

Infinite Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which binds us to our unseen Friend on high:

Unseen, yet not unfelt; if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth, a pure desire,
A generous act, a noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the humblest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

Margaret Fuller.

155 M. 7.

In the midst do thou appear—
Lord! reveal thy presence here.
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

Father! still our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, Oh make us meet for thee.

Mutual love the token be,
Lord! that we belong to thee;
Only love to us be given,
Lord! we ask no other heaven.

C. Wesley.

156 L.M.

Mysterious Presence, Source of all,
The world without, the world within,
Fountain of life, Oh hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. Beach.

157 S.M.

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is he within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does his Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow thy holy power,
And aid me whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

158 C.M.

O Thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here:

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

Oh sweeter than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

159 10. M.

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we the world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

Jones Very.

160 11.10. M.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
  Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, Oh may that peace rise slowly,
  Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
  Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
  Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. Johnson.

161 10. M.

QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep
  This treasure the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
  Its incense round us like a breath from heaven:

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
  To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;
To bear about for ever in the heart
  The gladness which his spirit doth reveal!

Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds,
  Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attunèd finds
  How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
  Of the departed; that will be a part
Of those undying things his peace hath wrought
  Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,
Not even the threatening, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which binds the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah J. Williams.

162 8. M.

Spirit of grace, thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led!
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to thee I come!

Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free!
Live thou in me, O Life divine!
Until my deepest love be thine.

O Breath from far eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
And where thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

G. Tersteegen.

163 S.M

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

E. Hatch.

164 M. 7.

Thirsting for a living spring
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
  By thy Spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
  Father of all love and might!

F. P. Appleton.

165 S.M.

O Everlasting Light,
  Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
  In which creation lay;—

O Everlasting Health,
  From which all healing springs—
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
  To thee my spirit clings!

O Everlasting Truth,
  Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
  Lead me and teach me too!

O Everlasting Strength,
  Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
  To joy, and light, and day!

O Everlasting Love,
  Well-spring of grace and peace:
Pour down thy fulness from above,
  Bid doubt and trouble cease!

H. Bonar.

166 C.M.

O God unseen, but ever near,
Our blessed rest art thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above.

Awhile beside the fount we stay,
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

S. Longfellow.

167 C.M.

Lord, when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine:
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

How can my soul divinely soar,
  How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
  And not more humbly pray?

The more I triumph in thy gifts,
  The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
  Most sweetly humbleth me.

The heaven where I would stand complete
  My lowly love shall see;
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
  My Holy One, for thee.

T. H. Gill.

168 L.M.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,—
My God, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

To them remains nor place nor time;
Their country is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since thou art there.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Mme. Guion: tr. W. Cowper.

169 C.M.

Speak with us, Lord! thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing, we forget
All times, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, O Lord, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My gladdened heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

C. Wesley.

170 M. 7.

What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

What is it? and whither, whence
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the Soul—mysterious name;
Him it seeks from whom it came.
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown,
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. Furness.

171 11.4. M.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it!
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness.

Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice—it counsels, and it courts us;
And then we turn away! and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still thy rain descends, thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

Oh how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Sir J. Bowring.

172 C.M.

Father in heaven! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.

Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown;
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

And do thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

W. H. Furness.

173 8.6. M.

O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee:
To thee, my God, to thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee:
On thee, my God, on thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space:
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee:
To thee, my God, to thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee:
In thee, my God, in thee.

J. F. Oberlin: tr. Mrs. D. Wilson.

174 8. M.

THEE would I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee would I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee would I serve with all my power,
And kiss thy sceptre or thy rod:
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might!
Replenish with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes repentant tears;
Give to my heart pure, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

*J. Scheffler: tr. J. Wesley.**

175 8. M.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is troubled, nor can be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Oh cast it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Father! thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
May raise to thee a trustful cry.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy life, thy God, thy all!"
Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

*G. Tersteegen: tr J. Wesley.**

176 8. M.

I HAVE no comfort but thy love;
Without it, life is death to me;
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery;
Yet, trusting thee, I daily prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.

Thou art the Rock on which I stand,
  When round me rages life's rough sea,
Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
  The haven where my soul would be:
Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.

Oh lift me higher, nearer thee,
  And as I rise more pure and meet,
Oh let my soul's humility
  Make me lie lower at thy feet;
Less trusting self the more I prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.

Grateful my songs arise to thee,
  With morning's dawn and evening's fall;
For thou hast ever been to me
  My light, my life, mine all in all:
My day is night if thou remove;
I have no comfort but thy love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

177 C.M.

Oh not to fill the mouth of fame,
  My longing soul is stirred;
Oh give me a diviner name!
  Call me thy servant, Lord!

Sweet title that delighteth me—
  Rank earnestly implored:
Oh what can reach the dignity
  Of thy true servants, Lord!

No longer would my soul be known
  As self-sustained and free;
Oh not mine own, Oh not mine own!
  Lord, I belong to thee!

In each aspiring burst of prayer
  Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
  To do thine every task.

For ever, Lord, thy servant choose,—
  Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
  Nor change the sweet estate.

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
  No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given
  Through all eternity.

T. H. Gill.

178 8.6. M.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
  Forgive our feverish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
  In deeper reverence, praise.

Oh Sabbath rest by Galilee!
  Oh calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
  Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
  Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
  As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease :
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
  Thy coolness and thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb—its heats expire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
  O still small voice of calm.

J. G. Whittier.

179 L.M.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near ;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power ;
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways ;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

180 S.M.

Not yet I love my God
With undivided heart;
Not yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.

Nor yet is all thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine;
Not yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of thine.

Not yet thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Nor yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.

Not yet thy tasks divine
Alone my hands employ;
Not yet that presence sweet of thine
Maketh mine only joy.

But shall I not one day,
My God, be all thine own;
Rejoicing, all thy will obey,
And do thy works alone?

Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete,
And all my blessedness above
Flow from thy presence sweet?

T. H. Gill.

181 S.M.

Still with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With thee, my heart would find:

With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm, in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

With thee, in thee, by faith,
Abiding would I be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

J. D. Burns.

182 6.4.M.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down—
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky—
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
  Nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

183 10. M.

O God, thou Spirit of our holier life,
Breathing thy peace amid our guilty strife,
Our better moments, Lord, confess thee near,
Our purer feelings thy soft whispers hear.

Morning and evening thou hast with us stood,
To draw us to the beautiful and good;
When pity melted, or when conscience strove,
Our spirits felt the stirrings of thy love.

Thou with our sin hast hourly, meekly striven,
And strength to aid our mortal weakness given;
Thou didst chastise us in our guilty fall,
And our remorse was but thy sorrowing call.

And while thy blessings all around us fell,
Their meaning to our spirits thou didst tell;
They are not for our selfish joy alone,
But messengers of love from thy dear throne.

And when the clouds of sorrow round us lay,
Thou didst go with us on the darksome way;
And whisper ever,—Tears do blind your eyes,
Your sorrows are but angels in disguise.

O Father, whilst this heaven around is spread,
And light and life do still attend our head;
Whilst thy loved presence broods for ever near,
Why should I faint? Why should I ever fear?

I will not faint, I will not fear, my God!
Still on the way my blessed Master trod,
Onward and upward, ever still to thee
In light, in darkness, shall my struggle be.

T. E. Poynting.

184 11.10. M.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with thee, as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessèd consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
Oh in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Harriet B. Stowe.

185 M. 8.7.

Oh how kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way.

Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God!

Oh how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften,
How thy chastening failed to awe!

Make me for thy rest more ready
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God!

T. Grinfield.

186 C.M.

Now let us see thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before;
And by thy beauty quicken us
To love thee and adore.

'Tis easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to thee.

Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

'Tis by thy loveliness we're won
To home and thee again;
And as we are thy children true,
We are more truly men.

Lord, it is coming to ourselves
When thus we come to thee;
The bondage of thy loveliness
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come to ask again,
What thou hast often given,
The vision of that loveliness
Which is the life of heaven.

B. Waugh.

187 L.M.

THY happy ones a strain begin :
Dost thou not, Lord, glad souls possess?
Thy cheerful spirit reigns within ;
We feel thee in our joyfulness.

Our mirth is not afraid of thee ;
Our life rejoices to be bright ;
We would not from our gladness flee,
But give full welcome to delight.

Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny :
Dost thou not deem them of rich worth?
Our cheer flows on beneath thine eye ;
We feel accepted in our mirth.

We turn to thee a smiling face ;
Thou sendest us the smile again :
Our joy, the fulness of thy grace—
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

T. H. Gill.

188 M. 7.

HAPPY soul, that safe from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

Let me know thy gracious voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy spirit live:

Live till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

C. Wesley.

189 C.M.

Oh happy soul that lives on high
While yet he sojourns here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eye nor ear hath been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

I. Watts.

190 M. 7.

LORD! it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord! if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

Source and giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Thee to see and thee to love
Perfects bliss below, above.

A. Toplady.

191 M. 7.

LORD! that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

Then infuse the living grace,
Truthful soul of righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,—
Life eternal to my heart.

C. Wesley.

192 M. 6.5. D.

PURER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet, and dearer,
Every duty find;

Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

Calmer yet, and calmer,
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet, and surer,
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet, and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet, and nearer,
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

Swifter yet, and swifter,
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet, and firmer,
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

From J. W. von Goethe.

193 M. 7.

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me thee.

*T. T. Lynch.**

194 M. 7.

Father! we look up to thee;
Let us in thy love agree:
Thou who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.

Father! all our souls inspire;
Fill us with love's sacred fire.
Guided by that blessèd light,
Order all our steps aright.

Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide;
All the depth of love express,
All the height of holiness.

C. Wesley.

195 L.M.

Thou Power and Peace! in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove!

For ever lend thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine;
Nor leave the hearts which thou hast made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench thy saving light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O God of Peace, the Comforter!

*C. Frances Alexander.**

196 L.M.

When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, gracious Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Oh let me thus at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine:
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

W. Cowper.

197 C.M.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest:
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy nest.

F. W. Faber.

198 S.M.

THE pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will to thine resigned,
God of all power impart!

Lord! make us timely wise,
To know thy call of grace;
And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race:

Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside;
Perils, allurements, bonds, break through,
Most faithful when most tried!

Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else to count but loss;
Nor, till we gain the prize—our soul,
Grow weary of the cross.

J. Montgomery.

199 S.M.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

J. Keble.

200 L.M.

Great Lord of all! our Father, God!
With song and prayer we worship thee:
Thy beauty breathes its joy abroad;
Thy love's warm tide flows full and free.

Through all the realm of earth and air,
Thy great heart pulses day and night;
All things that live leap up to share
The glory of thy kindling light.

In morn's and evening's twilight glow
  Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel;
And midnight heavens with silent show,
  Thy watchful, patient love reveal.

But not in realms that sense can sound,
  Springs the pure fount which life imparts;
Its blessed source alone is found
  In reverent, loving, trustful hearts.

Oh may that living fountain dwell
  In us, replenished from above;
And through our thirsting spirits swell
  The rising tides of life and love.

C. T. Brooks.

201 L.M.

My God, how endless is thy love!
  Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
  Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
  Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
  And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
  To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
  Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts.

202 C.M

GREAT Lord of Life! what length of days
Hast thou assigned to me;
How far along life's pleasant ways
Shall I be led by thee?

Must love be quenched, and labour cease
In darkness, ere the night,
Or shall my life's long day of peace
At evening time be light?

Lord, closely veiled the future lies;
But may I work thy will
From morning's glow till daylight dies,
And thine own aim fulfil;

That ere the Silent Angel's hand
Be on my brow impressed,
My earthly task completed stand,
And nought remain but rest.

A. Chalmers.

203 M. 7.

SOURCE of love, and Light of day!
Tear me from myself away:
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of thine.

Can I grieve thee, whom I love—
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

Still I choose thee—follow still
Every notice of thy will:
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

Thee relinquished—how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Thou alone our comfort art,
Strengthener of the trembling heart!

Mme. Guion: tr. W. Cowper.

204 L.M.

O THOU, who deignest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
With unextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

O Lord, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

205 M. 7.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

206 M. 8.7.7.

HEAVENLY Father, thou art telling
Flowers to bloom and stars to shine;
With my life thou, too, art dwelling,
If I seek to be divine;
Hear the prayer now made to thee—
What I know not, teach thou me.

In the holy revelation
  Of thy purpose and thy will,
That thy beautiful creation
  Makes to those who seek it still,
More, O Father, let me see—
What I know not, teach thou me.

In the laws and records given
  By the righteous ones of old,
In the way that leads to heaven
  By the holy gospel told,
Guide and Guard, O Father, be:
What I know not, teach thou me.

Grant thy spirit, that in meekness
  I may own how far above
Childhood's thoughts and childhood's weakness
  Are thy greatness and thy love;
And in reverence pray to thee—
What I know not, teach thou me.

Mrs. C. S. Lunn.

207 L.M.

Oh grant us light, that we may know
  The wisdom thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
  And virtue bless where'er we live.

Oh grant us light, that we may see
  Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to thee,
  And love thy simple word the more.

Oh grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To thee an undivided heart.

Oh grant us life, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

Oh grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttiett.

208 M. 7.

God of Truth! thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon thee;
Ever on the rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind;
No more doth their steadfast heart
From the living God depart.

Father, strengthen thou my will,
With thy gracious purpose fill;
Rooted, grounded may I be,
Fixed in thy stability.

Henceforth may I firmly stand,
Build no longer on the sand;
But defy temptation's shock,
Deeply founded on the rock.

S. Longfellow.

209 M. 7.3.

"CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy loving Master say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Stand, till evil days be done:
"Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, till sin be overthrown:
"Watch and pray."

Charlotte Elliott.

210 C.M.

Young souls, so strong the race to run
And win each height sublime!
Unweary still would ye march on,
And still exulting climb?

Walk with the Lord! along the road
Your strength he will renew:
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

Burn with his love! your fading fire
An endless flame will glow;
Life from the well of life require,—
The stream will ever flow.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong:
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore:
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

T. H. Gill.

211

M. 8.7.

LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;

Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.

Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be early wise:
Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men;
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is in heaven—not till then.

T. W. Jex Blake.

212

M. 8.7.8.5.

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Early hath life's mighty question
  Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching—
    What, and where, is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
  Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
    As our being's end;

Not to idle dreams and trances,
  Folded hands and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving
    And performance shown;

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
  Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil,
    And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigour,
  Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
    Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

213 M. 8.7.

Father, hear the prayer we offer;
  Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
  Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to thee.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would win the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father! be thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our souls, in hope unweary,
Make thy work our ceaseless prayer.

214 L. M.

"Thus shalt thou love the Almighty Lord—
With all thy heart and soul and mind."
So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof designed.

"With all thy heart;" no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

"With all thy mind;" each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

"With soul and strength;" thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.

O God, in whom we live and move!
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

*Emily Taylor.**

215 S.M.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

*G. Herbert.**

216 L.M.

SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason, Judge of right,
Parent of good, whose blessings flow
On all above and all below;

Without whose kind directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost;

Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
And with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.

O Father! faith and virtue grant,—
No more I wish, no more I want;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

H. Moore.

217 L.M.

TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths may tread.

Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

O turn from vanity mine eye,
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

J. Merrick.

218 8.6. M.

Dismiss me not thy service, Lord!
But train me for thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his sonship may.
Lord, I would serve, and be a son:
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

219 L.M.

SILENT like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win:
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed,
'Tis but a little, and we rest;
Finished the toil—the race is run;
The battle fought—the field is won!

H. Bonar.

220 M. 7.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad,
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. K. White.

221

M. 5. & 6.5.

Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest:
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Heaven is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
Love from eternity
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth ;
Thee from the love of God
Nothing shall sever ;
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise him for ever.

J. Stammers.

222 C.M.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

P. Doddridge.

223 L.M.

Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere:
Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth.

S. Longfellow.

224 L.M.

Awake our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
  Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
  Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
  Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
And onward led from strength to strength,
  Find thee, our Helper, ever nigh.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
  We'll mount with joy the heavenly height,
And perfect in thy love possess
  Life in the fulness of thy light.

*I. Watts.**

225 C.M.

One thought I have, my ample creed,
  So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need—
  It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
  I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
  Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
  I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
  Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
  But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
  Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
  The martyr's path who trod ;
The fountains of their patience flowed
  From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
  My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
  Oh blessèd thought of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

226 10. M.

Almighty Former of creation's plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man ;
Holy and just—the greatness of whose name
Rules and supports this universal frame :

Whose spirit fills the infinitude of space—
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place ;—
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers :

Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown :
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart !

Mme. Guion.

227 11.10. M.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present worked no sign nor token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If he that spake it were not speaking still;
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.

So then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To the pure spirit, is a word of God.

Hartley Coleridge.

228 6.8. M.

We trust the living Word.
He spake of Providence above,
Of boundless power and ceaseless love,
Caring for man, and beast, and bird—
We trust the living Word!

We trust mute Nature's sign.
Returning days, returning springs,
All lovely and returning things,
Point to a Providence divine—
We trust mute Nature's sign!

We trust the heart of man.
In the deep workings of the mind,
The law and love of God we find,
And providential order scan.
We trust the heart of man!

We trust in God the Lord!
In man's warm heart his spirit glows:
His spirit Nature's meaning shows—
His spirit spake by Christ the Word—
We trust the living Lord!

W. J. Fox.

229 6.10. M.

Say not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not on high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth.
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win.
At home! at home!
That word is placed thy very heart within.

Oh! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will;
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

B. Barton.

230 L.M.

Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

And, as upon some storied page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh yet be near!
In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

S. G. Bulfinch.

231 C.M.

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with his glory shine.

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Oh gift of gifts, Oh grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of him
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there.

F. L. Hosmer.

232 L.M.

He who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depth of all.

Let him look forth into the night,
What solemn depths, what silent might!
Those ancient stars how calm they roll—
He but an atom 'mid the whole!

And as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh,
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

How small in that uplifted hour
Temptation's lure and passion's power!
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all!

A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill,
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God!

Mrs. Gilman.

233 L.M.

Thou great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven,
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven:

Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:

And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest:

All are thy messengers; and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord! obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

G. Dyer.

234 M. 5.10.

Evening and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness—
These are thy works; all the glory be thine.
Times without number,
Awake or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing thy mercy upon us to shine.

Father, O hear me!
Pardon and spare me!
Quench all my terrors,
Blot out my errors,
That by thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
Order my goings,
Direct all my doings;
As it may please thee,
Retain or release me—
All I commit to thy Fatherly hand.

Griefs of God's sending
All have an ending;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring;
Sunshine will come when the tempest has passed.
Joys still increasing,
Peace never-ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
Hope in fruition—
These are the portion I look for at last.

P. Gerhardt: tr. R. Massie.

235 L.M.

O SOURCE of good! around me spread
Ten thousand thousand blessings lie;
By night thy mercy guards my head,
By day I feel thee ever nigh.

Yet if to taste thy gifts were all
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me,
No leave upon thy name to call,
And gain access by prayer to thee:

How would my spirit sorrowing,
'Mid all those gifts, have sighed to feel—
It knew not the refreshing spring,
That ceaseless flows to soothe and heal!

No chain to bind the wandering soul,
No link, connecting earth and heaven,
No Father's pitying, kind control,
No child, repenting and forgiven!

But God reveals his mercy-seat,
And beams of light the gloom dispel:
He gives—from him the gift is sweet;
He takes away—and all is well.

The voice of prayer in heaven is heard!
Let strength depart and comforts flee,
If man may act upon that word—
"Seek, and he shall be found of thee."

Emily Taylor.

236 8. M.

Let all men know, that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

Whate'er befall, 'tis true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
This faith is blessing, this is life.

Abp. Trench.

237 M. 8.7.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Father! thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love art thou;
Visit us with thy salvation:
Come with peace to every heart.

238 M. 8.7.

God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever—
  Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
  Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
  Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
  God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

239

M. 8.7.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
  Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
  Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
  Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
  Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands
  Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
  In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
  Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

240 L.M.

In darker days and nights of storm,
Men knew God but to fear his form;
And in the lurid lightnings saw
His arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days we read his love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And in the track of every storm
Behold his cheering rainbow form.

E'en in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath;
But always wisdom, perfect love,
From flowers below to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains.
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear
While true parental love is here.

Theodore Parker.

241 8.6.8.4. M.

The God of love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant Guide;
I shall not want, for I am his,
In all supplied.

In his green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

His tenderness restores my soul
When sick and faint I roam;
Shows the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

Yea, the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread—
I feel thee near.

Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes,
The oil of grace is mine;
My cup with mercy overflows
And love divine.

Goodness and mercy all my days
My daily song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

242 L.M.

The Lord of all my Shepherd is;
What can I want while I am his?
In greenest fields my soul he feeds,
My steps by stillest waters leads.

He guides me in his holy way,
He brings me back whene'er I stray;
The vale of death without a fear
I walk, for he is kind and near.

Yes! thou art with me night and day,
Thy rod my guide, thy staff my stay;
By thee my table still is spread,
Thy oil of gladness crowns my head.

Where'er I rest, where'er I go,
I meet thy mercies here below;
When to thy presence shall I soar,
To see and praise thee evermore?

H. F. Lyte.

243 M. 7.

Lo! my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine;
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge.

When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

He my soul anew shall frame;
And his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
Still protected, Lord, by Thee.

J. Merrick.

244 6.8. M.

The Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot want while he is near.

His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

He leads, himself, the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through.
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

J. Conder.

245 8. M.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison.

246 M. 7.

Lord, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness:
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread—
Give the strength we sorely lack;
There are tangled paths to thread—
Light us, less we miss the track:
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest:
Holy Father, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

Bp. How.

247 L.M.

While here as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way!
Dispose our hearts with sacred awe
To love thy word, to keep thy law.

Great Source of light to all below!
Teach us thy holy will to know;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight.

Maker, Instructor, Judge of all!
O hear us when on thee we call!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

J. Merrick.

248 M. 7.

Lead us with thy gentle sway,
  As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
  As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

We are pilgrims, and our goal
  Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
  Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither! thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee;
Guide us—save us—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

Sir J. Bowring.

249 10.4. M.

Lead, kindly light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now—
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

250 C.M.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Father bids thee live;
Take up thy cross, and grateful learn
How soon he can forgive.

Repentant wanderer, return,
And dry the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

W. B. Collyer.

251 M. 7.

Welcome, welcome! sinner, hear!
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace,
Welcome, prisoner, to release:
Burst thy bonds—be saved—be free;
Rise and come; he calleth thee.

All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest:
All is ready—hear the call;
There is ample room for all.

J. Conder.

252 M. 8.7.3.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some blessing fall on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Weak and sinful though I be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favour;
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Love of God, so rich and free,
Love of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify thyself in me,
Even me.

*Elizabeth Codner.**

253

M. 7.

Love for all; and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low;

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild,
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam;

To my Father can I go?
At his feet myself I'll throw;
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands;
See, he reaches out his hands;
God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me, e'en me.

S. Longfellow.

254

M. 7.

Lord! forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun;

Trespasses in word and thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust:

Pardon, Lord!—and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

J. Conder.

255 C.M.

Sweet is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace;
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

T. Jervis.

256 M. 7.

FATHER! refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Father! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

*C. Wesley.**

257 7.6. M.

LORD, when through sin I wander
So very far from thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be;
But when with heartfelt sorrow
I pray thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect,
That in thy heaven I live.

That heaven, Lord, so surrounds me,
That when I do the right,
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light;
I know not what its glories
Before thy throne must be,
But here thy smiling presence
Is heaven on earth to me.

To love the right and do it
Is to my heart so sweet,
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street.
Give me thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day,
Then heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.

C. Smith.

258 M. 7.

Pure religion, what art thou?
Shield alike of high and low;
Life, and light, and liberty,
Virtue, immortality.

Thou art Justice; ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold;
Thou art life, and light, and food,
For the thronging multitude.

Thou art courage, gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless:
Let our deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

259 7.6. M.

O star of Truth, down shining,
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way.

E'en if through untrod deserts,
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God.
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears;
Though angry foes may threaten
To shake my soul with fears,
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be:
Through life or death, for ever
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

M. J. Savage.

260 6.8.M.

Oft when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems:
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams:
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed
Which may be all our own;
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the water gives:
We win our way by strife,
Then he within us lives;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch.

261 S.M.

We pray for truth and peace;
With weary hearts we ask
Some rest in which our souls may cease
From life's perplexing task.

Only to living faith
The promises are shown;
And by the love that passes death
The rest is won alone.

Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent faith our part;
For God is working still.

Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might for ever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

W. H. Hurlbut.

262 L.M.

O God, in whom we live and move!
Thy love is law, thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do thy will.

Unto thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the power of speech;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of thy law.

That law doth give to Truth and Right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly worshipped lie,
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will;
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love, to come to nought.

Such faith, O God! our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still;
Who works for justice, works with thee,
Who works in love, thy child shall be.

S. Longfellow.

263 L.M.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
And let the victor's step be thine.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain:
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Fill every hour with what will last,
Use well the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. Bonar.

264 C.M.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

T. Hincks.

265 C.M.

The toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot;
He who God's will can understand,
Will work and murmur not.

Toil is no thorny crown of pain
Bound round man's brow for sin;
From it true souls all strength may gain,
High manliness to win.

O thou who workest hitherto,
  Working in all we see,
Help us to be, and bear, and do,
  As best it pleaseth thee.

Our skill of hand and strength of limb
  Are not our own, but thine;
Oh link them to the life of him
  Who made all life divine!

Our Brother, Christ, God's holy Son,
  Bore with our lot and strife;
And nobly will our work be done,
  If moulded by his life.

T. W. Freckelton.

266

M. 8.7.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
  "Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way!
But to act that each to-morrow
  Find us further than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

267 M. 7.

Life is not for fleeting joys,
Pleasure that while tasted cloys;
Not for self-inflicted pain
Borne to purchase heavenly gain;

But for wisdom, happiness,
Blest in its desire to bless;
Love, the soul of Deity,
Progress through eternity;

For earth cultured, conquered wave,
Fancy bright and science grave;
Mind and heart, with blending powers,
Building more than Eden's bowers:

And for mutual love and aid,
Never weary nor dismayed;
Strength renewing as we rise
Upward to unchanging skies.

*W. J. Fox.**

268

M. 8.7.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band:
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Adelaide A. Procter.

269 S.M.

God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still;
Thou who our strength for ever art,
We come to do thy will.

Upon the painful road,
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
To give this glorious world its crown—
The spirit's godlikeness.

No dreams, from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue:
Lord! in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong.

Thou hearest while we pray;
Oh deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word—"On earth be Light."

S. Johnson.

270 C.M.

Who shall behold the King of kings
In his fair dwelling-place?
Who shall ascend on seraph-wings,
And see him face to face?

He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid;

Who hastens with the dawning day
The throne of grace to seek,
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak;

Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do thy will, O Lord!
Who sees thee in all beauteous things,
Who hears thee in thy word.

Though frailty mark and error dim
That mortal's steps while here,
An eye of mercy looks on him,
And warns him not to fear.

Emily Taylor.

271 C.M.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,—
The universal Lord:

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom hath denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the faults I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Where I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
Where I am wrong, Oh teach my heart
To find the better way.

Not to the earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

*A. Pope.**

272 L.M.

All-seeing God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

If wrong, forgive; approve, if right;
While faithful we obey our light;
And censuring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove,
Derived from thee, O God of love!

T. Scott.

273 C.M.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him whose power
Upholds the life he gave;
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain-shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low! your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

Harriet Martineau.

274 L.M.

O FAIREST-BORN of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear,

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth;
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth.

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels learned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died:
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

J. G. Whittier.

275 L.M.

O FATHER, when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to thee;
When earthly thoughts awhile depart
And leave the mounting spirit free;

Then teach us that our love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow;
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should know.

Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
All narrow realms of self above;
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.

Into the circle lift us up
Of thy divine beneficence;
And freely as thou fill'st our cup,
Freely may we to all dispense.

276 L.M.

THE fair varieties of earth,
The heavens serene and blue above,
The rippling smile of mighty seas—
What is the charm of all, but love?

By love they minister to thought,
  Love makes them breathe the poet's song;
When their Creator best is praised,
  'Tis love inspires the adoring throng.

Knowledge, and power, and will supreme,
  Are but celestial tyranny,
Till they are consecrate by love,
  The essence of Divinity.

For love is strength, and faith, and hope:
  It crowns with bliss our mortal state;
And, glancing far beyond the grave,
  Foresees a life of endless date.

That life is love; and all of life
  Time or eternity can prove;
Both men and angels, worms and gods,
  Exist in universal love.

W. J. Fox.

277 L.M.

Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three:
Yet is the greatest Charity!
Father of light! these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart:—

Faith, that in prayer can never fail;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for "God is Love."

The morning star is lost in light;
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form:

But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

J. Montgomery.

278 L.M.

May peace on earth with knowledge spread,
The light of truth on all be shed,
And every heart united be
In Faith, and Hope, and Charity!

In Faith, that reads in nature's laws
The will divine of nature's cause;—
That will, O Father, understood,
The source of universal good.

In Hope, that bears with patience still,
And looks beyond the present ill;
Cheers doubting hearts in grief and pain,
And leads them back to faith again.

In Charity, that breathes of peace,
And bids all strife and discord cease:
The gifts of God are these, the three,
Of which excelleth Charity.

W. E. Hickson.

279 M. 8.7.

We believe in human kindness
Large amid the sons of men;
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
We believe in self-denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of duty
Warning us to self-control,
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;—
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost—we do believe.

We believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing,
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection—we believe.

We believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that's deeper still;

In its patience, its endurance,
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph—we believe.

280 C.M.D.

The rose is queen among the flowers,
None other is so fair;
The lily nodding on her stem
With fragrance fills the air.
But sweeter than the lily's breath
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
That springeth everywhere.

The rose will fade and fall away,
The lily, too, will die;
But love shall live for evermore
Beyond the starry sky.
Then sweeter than the lily's breath
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
Upspringing everywhere.

F. L. Hosmer.

281 7.6. M.

O Love divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light:

O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest,
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest!

The fields of earth adore thee,
The forests sing thy praise,
All living things before thee
Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of gladness,
The life of life thou art;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love—
A throne without thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness are blest.

J. S. B. Monsell.

282 M. 7.

Lord, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to thee,
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove:
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God!

Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names and sects and parties fall:
Thou, O God, art all in all!

*C. Wesley.**

283

4.10.4. M.

Who findeth heaven—
The pure and holy heaven of sweet delight
Whose welcome days flow on each than the last
More glad and bright—
Who findeth heaven?

Who findeth heaven?
He who with heart of loving tenderness
Sheds smiles and kindly deeds along his path
To cheer and bless—
He findeth heaven,

Who findeth heaven?
He who with calm and ever patient thought
Seeks for the lessons of the good and ill
His days have brought—
He findeth heaven.

So we'll seek heaven,
The holy heaven of wisdom, truth, and love,
By patient striving for the right and good,
Below, above—
So we'll seek heaven.

284 M. 8.7.

Heaven is here, where hymns of gladness
Cheer the toiler's rugged way,
In this world where clouds of sadness
Often change to night our day.

Heaven is here, where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen;
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been;

Where the bound, the poor, despairing,
Are set free, supplied and blest;
Where, in others' labours sharing,
We can find our surest rest;

Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's wreath or rod;
This is heaven—its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

285 C.M.

WHO is thy neighbour? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high sustaining hope
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by:
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

W. B. O. Peabody.

286 11.10. M.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old—
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

No! earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

We still see angels by the sick one's pillow;
Theirs are the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts are drooping like the willow,
They stand between the living and the dead.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

Many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

287 C.M.

Oh sweeter than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will united with the power
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round,
  Adores his Maker best;
His walk through life is mercy-crowned,
  His bed of death is blest.

W. Drennan.

288 L.M.

God of the universe! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race:

How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives!
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

Lord! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below:
Those praise thee best whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

W. Taylor.

289 C.M.

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth:
  It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
  Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,
  Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
  To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
  Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
  That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;—
  Such is the law of love.

Abp. Trench.

290 M. 7.

Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind :
Spread o'er nature's ample face
Flows thy goodness unconfined ;
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest ;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

J. Taylor.

291 11.10. M.

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother;
For where love dwells the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.

292 10. M.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our brother and our friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
  One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
  One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
  Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be thy constant word:
  We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,—
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

293 M. 7.

Sons of men! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guiding devious nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley.

294 M. 7.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Lord of love is come.

Sir J. Bowring.

295 C.M.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the darkness of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

P. Doddridge.

296 M. 8.7.

Now the joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Of the Christ-child long ago.

Hark! we hear again the chorus
  Echoing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
  "Glory be to God on high!"

Out of every clime and people,
  Under every holy name,
Is the everlasting gospel
  Good and glad for aye the same:
So we, in our happy Christmas,
  Breathe the universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages
  In a brotherhood indeed.

Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices!
  Shout, O new world, free and strong!
Hail of light the deathless triumph,
  Join the old world's birthday song,—
"Glory be to God the Highest;
  Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"
'Twas the morning stars proclaimed it;
  Let the world respond again.

297 8.4.8. M.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas-day
Their old familiar carols play,
  And wild and sweet
  The words repeat,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,—
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

H. W. Longfellow.

298 C.M.D.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E. H. Sears.

299 C.M.

Long, long ago, in manger low
Was cradled from above
A little Child, in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.

When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And peace began her song.

Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe,—

Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came;
They stand outside our hearts and bide
Knocking in Jesus' name.

For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
Are angels in disguise;
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
As peace and love they rise.

They are the manger, rude and low,
In which a Christ-child lies;
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
Is always God's surprise.

Jane Andrews & W. C. Gannett.

300 C.M.

To-day be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song:

"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men!"
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births,
And life diviner far.

Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait.

And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword;
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

O star of human faith and hope,
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

F. L. Hosmer.

301 L.M.D.

O LOVE, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down!
Thy world for ever speaks to me
Thy deeper word of mystery;
And all things to my heart rehearse,
How thy gift-laden universe,
Shines ever fair, and ever bright,
With love, and comfort, and delight.

'Tis in thy strength the mountains stand;
The seasons roll at thy command;
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep in thy everlastingness.
The heart of all our Christmas cheer,
Is that thy life is ever near;
Within thy circling arms we lie,
Wrapped in thy great infinity.

All praise and honour to his name,
Who, spite of taunt and cruel shame,
Was brave to teach, as wise to know,
That these great things are surely so;
Who took our life of daily care,
And taught us how its load to bear;
In noble strife to take our part,
And keep a pure and childlike heart.

For this, our loving praise we pay,
At his dear feet on Christmas-day;
For this, through all the coming years,
In all our joys, and hopes, and fears,
We still will pay him reverence due;
And, in his witness brave and true,
Hear echoes clear, through all the din,
Of God's deep voice which speaks within.

J. W. Chadwick.

302 C.M.D.

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;

And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore:
Come all, and hearts made ready, bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the light of man.

For trouble such as man must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
Christ shared with us that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice ten thousand years of strife
Shall not make nought his pain,
Nor mar the harvest of rich life
His patient love shall gain.

T. T. Lynch.

303 10. M.

CHRISTIANS, awake! Triumphant voices raise
To greet the dawning of the best of days;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
That links the lowly earth to heaven above;
Hark! 'Tis the sweetest song since earth began—
"Goodwill from God, goodwill from man to man!"

Lo! from the East the ray of coming morn;
Lo! in a cradle lies a babe new-born:
Bright grows the sky, the shadows flee away,
Till thro' the clouds shines out the perfect day:
Thus shall the voice, now feeble, louder ring,
Till Christ, the new-born babe, of kings is King.

What though the shouts of sin and self be heard
By men awhile, above his gentle word;
What though his path of suffering and of loss
Leads from the cradle to the martyr's cross;
Yet by his hand shall war's last flag be furled,
And Christ, the Prince of Peace, rule all the world.

Oh golden light that meets our wondering eyes!
Raise, Christians, raise your anthems to the skies!
Triumphant voices aid triumphant heart,
Let weary souls in heavenly rest have part;—
Oh sweetest song since time on earth began,
"For ever peace on earth, goodwill to man!"

304

M. 8.7.

Hark! what anthem fills the heavens,
Rising to the midnight sky?
Shepherds! leave your flocks and listen,
Lift your wondering eyes on high,
See God's seraph in his radiance
With the angels sweeping by.

Clearer rings the proclamation—
"Fear ye not; behold, I bring
Wondrous tidings of great gladness,
Which throughout the world shall ring:
Peace on earth, love's reign foretelling,
Glory to our heavenly King!"

Though the earth lie still in twilight,
Though dark clouds the morning mar:
From the East a light is breaking,
Shining through the mists afar,
Guiding all our faltering footsteps
Unto Christ, our promised Star.

Christians! bring not costly incense,
Nor your gold of priceless worth;
Come with Christ-like hearts and lowly,
Come rejoicing at his birth.
Take your cross, and follow steadfast
In the path he trod on earth.

Come to him, ye heavy-laden,
Ye with bitter doubtings torn,
Loved and lonely, friend and friendless,
Come to him, his love shall dawn
As a ray from God's own brightness
In your hearts this Christmas morn.

Isabel M. Lawford.

305 S.M.

A voice by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear:—
"Repent, be just, and sin no more;
God's judgment draweth near."

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :—
"Love God ; thy neighbour love ; for see,
God's mercy draweth near."

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth, I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

S. Longfellow.

306 S.M.

Behold the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord !
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The promise of his word.

No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Lo ! meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.

The spirit of the Lord
In rich abundance shed
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

Jesus, thou light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts;
Oh may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way,
The path which Christ hath marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

J. Needham.

307 M. 8.7.

Jesus, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.

When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of hope across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.

Faith and hope and love shine o'er us,
Make our daily lives divine;
Friend and Brother gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.

Thanks for ever, heavenly Father,
That when human eyes grow dim,
And when shadows darkly gather,
Shines a holy light through him.

308 10. M.

O THOU great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe;

We look to thee! thy Truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven:
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

309 10. M.

STRONG-SOULED Reformer, whose far-seeing faith
Of lifted cry and tumult had no need,—
Who stay'dst the lightnings of thy holy wrath
With pitying love to spare the bruised reed,—
Thy will to save, thy strength to conquer flowed
From seas of tenderness and might in God.

Thy living word sprang from the heart of man,
Eternal word of love and liberty;
Fearless thou gav'st it to the winds again;
'Twas manhood's native tongue, and could not die.
To thy dear brotherhood life's pulses leap;
And wakening ages answer, deep to deep.

S. Johnson.

310 C.M.

THE loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load;
From lips baptized in humble prayer
His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought him found
That God and heaven were there.

S. Longfellow.

311 7.6. M.

"COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest:
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night:

Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come to God with thee.

W. C. Dix.

312 L.M.

And is the gospel peace and love—
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

Oh how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Oh if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!

Anne Steele.

313

My loving Master, Friend, and Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine;
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern! may I bear
More of thy gracious image here!
That God, in heaven, may find in me
A soul prepared to dwell with thee.

*I. Watts.**

314 L.M.

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast:

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest:

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

W. Russell.

315 C. M.

Behold, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With brightest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He laboured for their good.

To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share!

W. Enfield.

316 8.6. M.

It fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to his knee.

He took them in his arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To me," he gently said.

"Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto my kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

Master, I fain would enter there;
Oh let me follow thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart thine heaven.

And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,—
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

Oh happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, his love,
His good in all mankind.

Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

S. A. Brooke.

317 C. M.

Though lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do—
In faith and trust to follow him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on his almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be—
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed;
In God's clear sight high work we do
If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. Gaskell.

318 M. 7

God of Jesus! hear me now
Take the meek disciple's vow:
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with his loving mind!

Plant, and root, and fix in me
Trust as of a child in thee;
Meekly on thy love reclined,
Fill me with his quiet mind!

When his faith is rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will.

Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
May I to the end endure;
Never be to ill inclined,—
Like the Saviour's perfect mind.

*C. Wesley.**

319 M. 7.

FATHER! at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee!
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Lord of our supreme desire!
Fill us now with heavenly fire:
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life;

Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind;
To the mark unwearied press,—
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Father! fill us with thy love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

*C. Wesley.**

320 L.M.

"See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

See how he loved, who firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
Oh may our breast with ardour glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show.

Mrs. Bache.

321 C.M.

Oh here, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

Not here, where met to think of him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

"Thy kingdom come!" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

322 C. M.

"No, not for these alone I pray,"
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone he prayed;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His feast of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer!

Emily Taylor.

323 C.M.

"Remember me," the Saviour said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet;
With love and longing gazes back,
And never can forget.

But none of us have seen his face,
Or heard the words he said;
And none can now his looks retrace
In breaking of the bread.

Oh blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe him still;
Who trustfully upon him lean,
And meekly do his will.

We hear his word along our way,
We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

N. L. Frothingham.

324 C. M.

Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessèd word of love.

Oh bond of union, strong and deep!
Oh bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Let but his spirit be our own,
Then swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

325 M. 7.

FATHER of eternal love!
Glorify thyself in me;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart alone on thee.

Humble, holy, all-resigned,
May I say, "Thy will be done!"
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

J. Montgomery.

326 M. 7.

WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;—
See that suffering friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford & S. Longfellow.

327 L.M

O SUFFERING friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn shuddering from the death of shame?

Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise through death to endless day!

S. G. Bulfinch.

328 L.M.

A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away!"

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God! take not this cup away!"

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth! the cross ascend:
  O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
  The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Dr. Martineau.

329 M. 8.7.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
  Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
  Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
  Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
  Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
  By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
  Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir J. Bowring.

330 L.M.

Dark were the paths that Jesus trod,
Yet faltered not his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

Unto the cross in faith he went,
Where dearest life was freely spent;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.

Oh may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And resting in our Father's will.

W. Gaskell.

331 M. 8.8.7.

"It is finished!" Man of sorrows,
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious.

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints and sages,
May it guide us still to thee;—

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honoured be thy cross for ever,
Star that points our high endeavour
Whither thou hast gone before.

F. H. Hedge.

332 8. M.

Past are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Easter morn.

Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.

And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near;
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.

And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.

Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign.

A. C. Jewitt.

333

M. 8.7.7.

Easter flowers, Easter carols,
Deck the altar, fill the air;
Glorious dawns the happy morning
O'er a world so bright and fair.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to our King!

Now the clouds of night are broken,
Doubt and darkness flee away,
And on this bright Easter morning
Sing we now the triumph lay.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to our King!

Past is all the gloom and sadness,
Easter joys around us shine,
Turned is sorrow into gladness,
Death is changed to life divine.
Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to our King!

334

M. 8.7.4.7.

Christians, hail the morn of Easter!
Now the night of grief is o'er;
Once again with glad thanksgiving
Sing the glorious strain of yore,—
"He is risen—
Jesus lives for evermore!"

Vain the powers of ill to bind him;
Pain and death are vanquished now:
Upward, Godward, soars his spirit,
Victory's wreath upon his brow;
Mighty Leader,
Oh to conquer thus as thou!

Cruel hands and hearts more cruel
Sought in vain thy truth to slay;
See, it bursts from every fetter;
See, it wins its glorious way;
Now triumphant
O'er the earth it wieldeth sway.

Fount of Life, our God for ever,
Love in which our souls are brave,
Trusting thee as Jesus trusted,
Give us victory o'er the grave!
God our Father,
Thou hast made us, thou wilt save!

335 M. 7.6.

The Light along the ages
Shines brighter as it goes;
From stage to stage more glorious
Its radiant splendour grows
Man's life begun so lowly
Now soars to heaven above,
To share, in life eternal,
The joys of endless love!

We thank thee, O our Father!
For every gift of thine,
All speak alike the bounty
Of tenderness divine;
But, every gift surpassing,
This wondrous thought we own,—
The Son of Man is risen
To dwell before thy throne!

Wherever goodness reigneth
The soul of Christ lives on,
And every Christ-like spirit
Shall rise where he hath gone:
Earth's dust hath served its mission;
Henceforth the soul is free,
And through the heights of being
Ascends, O God, to thee!

336 C.M.

Messiah now is gone before
To the blest realms of light:
Oh thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight!

Lord! make us to those joys aspire
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

To guide us to thy glories, Lord!
To lift us to the sky,
O may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high!

337 C.M.

JESUS has lived, and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at his feet, while anthems ring,
A grateful offering lay.

Jesus has died; but his pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Remains to conquer sin and strife,
In every age and clime.

Jesus yet lives: above, below,
Triumphant over death;
And in his name we face each foe,
And win the fight of faith.

Jesus yet lives; and Oh, may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our glorious destiny
That we may live like him.

W. R. Alger.

338 C.M.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
  Thy darkness passed away;
Because that Light hath on thee shone
  In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
  No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
  For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the light! and thine shall be
  A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
  And God himself is Light.

B. Barton.

339 8.8.6. M.

Oft, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
  With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
  Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, we cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
  Beyond where sense can scan;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
  For love of God and man.

Who from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on;
Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe,—
"Servant of God, well done!"

And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and Perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

Therefore with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power;
Cast off the sin that checks our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,—
Withstand the evil hour.

For heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road:
And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

S. A. Brooke.

340

He is gone—a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight,
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken:

Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the heaven of heavens, the same
As on earth he went and came;
In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

Dean Stanley.

341 L.M.

Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Press on, press on! through toil and woe
Calmly resolved to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death;
And, till you hear his high "Well done!"
True to the last—press on, press on!

W. Gaskell.

342 C.M.

The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

O God! be thou our constant guide:
  Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
  And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

343 M. 7.

Children of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren; lo, we stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

J. Cennick.

344 M. 6.5.

On our way rejoicing,
  As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
  O thou God of love.

Is there grief or sadness—
  Thine it cannot be,
Is our sky beclouded—
  Clouds are not from thee.

If with honest-hearted
  Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
  Doing what we can—
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
  Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
  Fill the heart with peace.

On our way rejoicing
  Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
  Vanquished is our foe:
Loving cheer around us,
  Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
  Victory we shall win.

Unto God our Father
  Joyful songs we sing;
For his many mercies
  Thankful hearts we bring.
God the Eternal Goodness
  Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
  Now and evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

345 M. 8.7.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires;
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

B. S. Ingemann: tr. S. Baring Gould.

346 6.4. M.

We are but pilgrims here:
Heaven is our home;
Travelling through deserts drear,
Heaven is our home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
Heaven is our fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

What though the tempests rage—
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heaven is our home.

Lord, may we murmur not,
Heaven is our home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at thine own right hand,
In thy blest fatherland;
Heaven is our home.

T. R. Taylor.

347 7.6. M.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

Oh happy retribution;
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
And martyrdom hath peace,
And from our vain desire,
God giveth us release.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

And God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

St. Bernard: tr. J. M. Neale.

348 10. M.

Oh what is man, great Maker of mankind,
That thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh what a wondrous life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire;
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image in his soul hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite.

Nor hast thou given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Sir J. Davies.

349 L.M.

Child of the earth! Oh lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night;
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze:
Each is a world, by him sustained
Who from eternity hath reigned.

What then art thou, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee a Father's care.

Be thou at peace! the all-seeing eye
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The seaching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

Mrs. Hemans.

350 L.M.

When up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see, from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining house of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

This earth with all its dust and tears
Is his, no less than yonder spheres:
And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
All fed by streams of living power,
That spring from one almighty will,
Whate'er his thought conceives, fulfil.

And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round,—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's grey shore.

Not this our doom, thou God benign,
Whose rays on us unclouded shine:
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome;
But man is most thy favoured home.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to thee, O Lord,
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

J. Sterling.

351 C.M.D.

Dream not that death shall conquer all!
Let not thy spirit faint;
Nor waste thy strength of inward life
In wailing and complaint.
The love of God, the strength of right,
Truth's visions fair and high,
The mighty progress of the good,—
Shall never, never die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings for some higher good,
The spirit's earnest cry,
The strivings after better hopes,—
Shall never, never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The tender word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed,
The plea for mercy kindly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,—
Shall never, never die.

Then fear not death! but every hour
Find some good work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm and just and true:
So shall a light that cannot fade,
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

352 C.M.D.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
  The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
  The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
  The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
  But prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust
  The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears,—to trust
  Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no! it is no flattering lure,
  No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
  In better life beyond.
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
  Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
  And God did ne'er betray.

From Schiller.

353 8. M

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,—
Our beauties are but for a day!

I praised the sun whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky:
And Moon and Sun in answer said,—
Our days of light are numbered!

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair;
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

Bp. Heber.

354 M. 8.7.

Holy, wise, eternal Father!
Oh how blessed is thy word,
Thus revealed to all thy servants,
By thy Son, our gracious Lord!

In thy house are many mansions—
So his hallowed lips declare:
Oh that we might there behold thee!
Oh that we might enter there!

There the blessed of all nations,
Of all times and worlds shall meet;
There the labourers in thy vineyard
Peaceful rest at Jesus' feet.

There the wronged and broken-hearted
Pure and sacred joy shall taste;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Then shall all of sin and evil
On its hateful self recoil;
None shall share it, none shall own it,
E'en its slaves no more shall toil.

Uncontrolled, thy power and Godhead
Shall thy holy will maintain;
And, without a cloud, thy glory
To eternity shall reign.

Sir J. E. Smith.

355 C.M.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Perpetual day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
'Twas thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I. Watts.

356 S.M.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

Ah, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

J. Montgomery.

357 L.M.

Dark, dark indeed the grave would be,
Had we no light, O God, from thee;
If all we saw were all we knew,
Or hope from reason only grew.

But fearless now we rest in faith;
A holy life makes happy death:
'Tis but a change ordained by thee,
To set the imprisoned spirit free.

Sad, sad indeed 'twould be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If thou hadst left us still to fear
Love's only heritage was here.

But calmly now we see them go
From out this world of pain and woe;
We follow to a home on high,
Where pure affections never die!

W. Gaskell.

358 L.M.

Oh deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep:
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

359 C.M.

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody.

360 L. M.

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
Where is, O Grave, thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death, thy sting!

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

Mrs. Barbauld.

361 M. 8.7.

Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the home of spirits go!

Waiting to receive thee gladly,
  See the Man of Sorrows stand;
See the griefs he wept so sadly
  All forgot at God's right hand.

Conquer once; then go for ever
  Where the weary are at peace:
Nothing there from God can sever;
  Troubles of the wicked cease.
For the joy he sets before thee,
  Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
  Suffer, for an endless gain.

C. Wesley.

362 11.10. M.

We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
  And tears will blind us to the blessèd sight:
We will not doubt; if darkness still doth try us,
  Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint; if heavy burdens bind us,
  They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
  We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
  Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
  Life shall be with us after death is past.

Help us, O Father, when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father, let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

W. H. Hurlbut.

363

10.6. M.

Thou God of love, beneath thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead
To rest in peace! from this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled.

Oh when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them and calmly wait
For our life's close.

To God our Father, as is always meet,
All power and glory be,
By whom our souls are fed and ever kept
Eternally.

J. Euphemia Saxby.

364

11.10. M.

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come weary souls! for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

F. W. Faber.

365 11.10. M.

Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father:
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned:—

Large are the mansions in the Father's dwelling;
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Waterman.

366 11.4. M.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth—
"Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still."

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in his heaven.

J. G. Whittier.

367 C.M.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more:
Along the path of life I tread;
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made for ever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

368

M. 7.6.7.

When for me the silent oar
  Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
  Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
  Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
  At life's inner portal?—
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
  All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
  Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Lucy Larcom.

369 8.6. M.

THERE is no death. The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers:
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life:—there are no dead.

E. Bulwer Lytton.

370 8. M.

O LORD of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee.

All souls are thine, and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, "dust to dust,"
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.

Oh happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
Living or dying they are blest!

F. L. Hosmer, 18

371 M. 7.

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth towards the skies,
Thinking of the souls that rest
In the mansions of the blest;
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in thee we glorify:—
Noble athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom;
And the saints, through toil and shame,
Brave confessors of thy name.

Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest!

Let their praises, heavenly King,
Let the blessed hymn they sing,
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain;
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem,—theirs and ours.

J. M. Neale.

372 L.M.

God giveth quietness at last:
The common way once more is passed,
From pleading tears and lingerings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place;
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty, passing show,
Requites the loss of all we know?

Oh Silent Land to which we move!
Enough if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow.

O white souls, from that far-off shore,
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well.

J. G. Whittier.

373 M. 7.

They whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

Yea, the holy dead have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
One in heart, and one in love;
We below and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak;
One be strong, and one be weak:

Yet in tear and sigh and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt, and fear.

So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise;
Blessed pledge that we shall be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with thee.

J. M. Neale.

374 M. 6.5.

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels
  Walking every day;
How the chain may brighten,
  None of us can say.

Yet it doubtless reaches
  From earth's lowest one,
To the loftiest seraph
  Standing near the throne.

Lucy Larcom.

375 L.M.

O LORD! lift up thy countenance
  Upon thy church, and own us thine;
  Impart to us thy peace divine,
Thy blessing unto all dispense.

Thy mercy is our only stay;
  Direct us by thy holy word:
  Thy spirit's light to us afford;
Preserve us, lest we go astray.

O Well of life! we pant for thee;
  In copious streams thy thirsty flock
  Desires to drink from thee, the Rock,
And thirst no more eternally.

S. Lintrup.

376 C.M.D.

WE limit not the truth of God
  To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
  Crude, partial, and confined;

No, let a new and better hope
  Within our hearts be stirred ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
  To break forth from his word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
  The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
  And all the ages given ?
That universe, how much unknown !
  That ocean unexplored !
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
  To break forth from his word.

Darkling our great forefathers went
  The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
  Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
  More fervid rays afford ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
  To break forth from his word.

The valleys past, ascending still
  Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
  On all the bygone time.
Upward we press ; the air is clear,
  And the sphere-music heard ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
  To break forth from his word.

G. Rawson.

377 6.8. M.

Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

P. Doddridge.

378 C.M.

Oh still, in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord."

We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown;
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.

O thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come,
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

S. Longfellow.

379 C.M.

The light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.

So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As the waters fill the sea.

The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done;
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light;

Till earth becomes God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

380 4.10. M.

Come, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day"?

Come, labour on:
The labourers are few, the field is wide;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come!"

Come, labour on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.

Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on :
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done."

Come, labour on :
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure ;
Blessed are those who to the end endure !
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee !

H. L. L.

381 S.M.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,—
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

J. Montgomery.

382 M. 7.

See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!

Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love.

*C. Wesley.**

383

Everlasting! Changing never!
Of one strength, no more, no less
Thine almightiness for ever,
All the same thy holiness!
In all fulness
Thou all glory dost possess.

But we weaklings, but we sinners,
Would not in our weakness stay:
Of more glory make us winners;
Lead us on along thy way,
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day!

By thy truth, how faintly spoken;
By thy will, how slackly done!
By each idol still unbroken,
By each spirit still unwon—
Hear us, hear us!
Our Almighty, help us on!

Give thy people to inherit
Births of grace with thee upstored,
Fuller breathings of thy Spirit,
Fuller openings of thy Word!
Make us meeter
To embrace our coming Lord!

Make our own a nobler story
Than was ever writ before!
Stay not, then! Show forth thy glory
In our after-comers more!
Everlasting!
Fuller grace incessant pour!

T. H. Gill.

384 L.M.

Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before thy face;
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Our spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great God;
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

385 L.M.

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee.

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

386

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus
Who is gone before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus
Who is gone before.

At our songs of triumph,
Sin and sorrow flee,
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Heaven itself is listening
To our hymns of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God—
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
May we not divided,
But united be;
One in faith and duty,
One in charity.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song.
Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto God our King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

*S. Baring-Gould.**

387 L.M.

Though wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort! thou art not alone,
While faith hath marked thee for her own.

Wouldst thou a temple;—look above,
The heavens stretch over all in love;
A book;—for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.

The holy band of saints renowned
Embrace thee, brother-like, around;
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
In hymns immortal to the skies.

And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

T. Carlyle & W. J. Fox.

388 8. M.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy nameless martyrs rest:—

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth? By no proud stone
Their narrow cell of rest is known;
The still, sad glory of their name
Hallows no fountain unto fame;
No, not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lowly prayers.

Yet what if no light footstep there,
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
And the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves?
They sleep in secret, but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God.

Felicia D. Hemans.

389 M. 8.7.

God of ages and of nations,—
Every race, and every time,
Hath received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
Passed the heavenly vale within;
Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavour,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages—
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew—
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, for ever new.

S. Longfellow.

390 8.7.8. M.

We come unto our fathers' God;
Their rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation.
We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek thee as thy saints have sought
In every generation.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us his music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,
The song that never endeth.

Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain;
Keep on the song for ever.
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

T. H. Gill.

391 8.7. M.

Our fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee,
Dear faith, which still we cherish:
Nor may their children's children see
That faith decay and perish:

'Tis faith in God, 'tis faith in man,
'Tis faith in truth and beauty,
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty.

We may not think our fathers' thought;
Their creeds our lips may alter:
But in the faith they dearly bought,
Our hearts shall never falter.

Oh may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labour;
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbour:—

This faith in God, and faith in man,
This faith in truth and beauty;
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty.

J. W. Chadwick.

392 L.M.

O Life that makest all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one:—

One in the freedom of the Truth,
  One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
  One in the larger thought of God;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
  The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
  The Life that maketh all things new.

S. Longfellow.

393 8.6.8. M.

Oh sing with loud and joyful song,
  The seers of every name;
Oh sing the prophets high and true,
  And saints of sacred fame:
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.

They came, the Lord's anointed ones,
  To every age and shore;
And ever-blessèd tidings brought,
  And holy witness bore:
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of duty and eternal right.

Oh thanks that all the ages down
  The same love is outpoured;
Oh thanks that every prophet-voice
  Proclaims one truth, one Lord;
O holy throng, ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more.

J. V. Blake.

394 M. 7.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back.

Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty.

S. Johnson.

395 C.M.

O pure Reformers, not in vain
Your trust in humankind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide:
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought—
Light, Truth, and Love: your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

Oh may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man!

Press on! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

J. G. Whittier.

396 C.M.

Immortal by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable, and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way;
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey.

F. L. Hosmer.

397 C.M.

Forth went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.

Through looks of fire and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod;
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.

Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more;
Yet mourned they not their fate.

In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt his word;
Before them beamed the light of heaven—
The presence of their Lord.

W. Gaskell.

398 S.M.

For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And yearned for thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Bp. Mant.

399 C.M.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime!
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow.

400 C.M.

The faithful men of every land
Who Christ's own rule obey,
The holy dead of every time,
The Church of Christ are they;

The saints who die, and leave us now,
The good of long ago,
Women and men, and children young,
Still living here below;

Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One general voice of prayer.

Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be!
How grow in likeness to our Head,
In truth and purity!

Since we are all made one in him,
How gentle should we prove!
How peaceful in our ways and words!
How tender in our love!

So shall the spirit of our Lord
Dwell in his members blest,
So lead us in his church on earth,
Safe to his church at rest.

401 C.M.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime;
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent;
One faith and work, one harvest song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth.

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray;
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

402 6. M.

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price;
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem:

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are;—
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

F. T. Palgrave.

403 C.M.

Our God! our God! thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day:
To us thy radiant steps appear:
We watch thy glorious way.

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and thy word.

Pour down thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell.

Bear us aloft more glad, more strong,
On thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

He draweth near, he standeth by;
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come King of Grace, thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years!

T. H. Gill.

404 10. M.

Restore, O Father, to our times restore
The peace which filled thy church in days of yore;
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

Oh never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart;
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

Miss Popple.

405 C. M.

Oh it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

406 M. 8.7.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

J. R. Lowell.

407 M. 8.4.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,—
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
All their loving toil rewarded,
And success on earth accorded;
God speed the right.

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
No event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
Never from the truth receding,
And in Heaven's own time succeeding;
God speed the right.

Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.

Truth shall win, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
Proudly let us then obey it;
God speed the right!

W. E. Hickson.

408 C.M.

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin:
Hail, Truth divine, we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in!

Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire;
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die:
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day;
  Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
  And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

409 L.M.

Oh sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And, step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and wonders manifold;
We need but open eye and ear,
To see God's mysteries always here.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

*J. G. Whittier.**

410 L.M.

Blest be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown;
We welcome now the brighter day,
And every faithless fear disown.

A tyrant God, the soul's despair,
No more beclouds our earthly lives;
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upward strives.

In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

Then vanish, spectres of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened soul;
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal.

F. H. Hedge.

411 L.M.

The past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear,
Yet, Father, we would praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now;
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou.

'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And man's true aim shall yet be won.

T. W. Higginson.

412 C.M.

Gone is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
Oh shine upon us, heavenly Light,
As on the earth the sun.

Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,
In radiance sublime!
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time!

Lo, on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall;
But faith shall burn undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon
When hope shall breathe with fuller breath,
And morn be lost in noon.

For to the seed that's sown to-day
A harvest time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

413 L.M.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

Be darkness at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call thee Lord.

J. Montgomery.

414 L.M.

Eternal God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
Controlled by none in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

On thee we fix our cheerful trust,
To thee with humble hope aspire,
And quit our idols, earth and dust,
Borne up to God with full desire.

Lord! spread thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign unrivalled, God alone.

S. Browne.

415 L.M.

Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey!
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

The sceptre well becomes his hands;
How wise and just are his commands!
Oh may they spread from shore to shore,
Till pride and rage prevail no more.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
His love to contrite hearts is shown;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

I. Watts.

416 C.M.

The Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err:
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord! judge thou the earth in might;
This longing earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

J. Milton.

417 L.M.

Thy name be hallowed evermore;
O God! thy kingdom come with power!
Thy will be done, and day by day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

Lord! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven;
Water of life on us bestow;
Thou art the Source—the Fountain thou!

L. R. West.

418 S.M.

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine!
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

J. Johns.

419 M. 7.

Father, let thy kingdom come,
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

Oh what long, sad years have gone
Since thy Church was taught this prayer;
Oh what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!

Break, triumphant day of God,
  Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
  Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
  May they all for God be won;
And by every living soul,
  Father, let thy will be done.

J. P. Hopps.

420 M. 7.

All before us lies the way;
  Give the past unto the wind:
All before us is the day;
  Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
  Love, and flowers, and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
  But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
  In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
  The true Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
  True and beautiful and sound;
Then all earth is sanctified,
  Up springs paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden-days,
  Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
  Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land afar
  All disturbing force shall flee;
Strife, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
  Its immortal unity.

Eliza T. Clapp.

421 10. M.

Pour, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key!
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee!

Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread!
With all the civil virtues in thy train:
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign!

Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land;
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:
Proclaim them all thine own;—'tis his command!

*T. A. Ashworth.**

422 L.M.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Joy shall abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leap to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want be blest.

I. Watts.

423 C.M.

We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

And even now amid the grey,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
  Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
  And all, O God, be thine.

Oh guide us till our night be done!
  Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
  Art shining evermore.

J. M. Neale & S. Longfellow.

424 7.6. M.

And is the time approaching
  By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
  One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
  From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
  One common Lord adore?

Shall all that now divides us
  Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
  Before the blaze of day?
Shall all that now unites us
  More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
  In a blest land of love?

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
Oh sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labour
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

425 C.M.

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign:—

The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love!

C. Wesley.

426 C.M.

Eternal Life, whose love divine
Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than thine,
We heed no other call.

Oh may we serve in thought and deed
Thy kingdom yet to be,
Till Truth and Righteousness and Love
Shall lead all souls to thee.

Emma E. Marcan.

427 M. 8.

Blessed be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping:—
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,—
Blessed be thy name for ever!

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, of dawning day
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;—
God of life that fadeth never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

J. Hogg.

428 C.M.

The twilight falls, the night is here;
We put our work away,
And kneel to him who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The common story; yet we kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter when we feel
Our Father knows them all:

Yes, all! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The daily thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all: we lean our head,
Our wearied eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The way our Father knows.

And he has loved us! all our heart
With answering love is stirred;
And poverty and toil and smart,
Find healing in that word.

So here we lay us down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall;
And lean, confiding on his breast,
Who knows and pities all;

And holds the morrows, far and near,
Within his love alway;
Let come what will, he bends to hear
The story day by day.

429 M. 8.7.

Gently fall the evening shadows
O'er the hills and o'er the plains,
Cattle slumber in the meadows,
Hushed are now the wild birds' strains.

Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
Stars gleam on the brimming river,
Earth is wrapped in folds of love.

On our hearts sweet peace is falling
Softly, like the shades of night,
And to each a voice is calling,
"Be thou faithful to the right."

Lord, we pray, give to the weary
Placid rest, refreshing sleep,
Solace to the heart that's dreary,
Healing balm to those who weep.

E. Tozer.

430 L.M.

Sun of my soul, for ever near!
It is not night, if thou be here:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When round thy wondrous works below,
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

431 L.M.

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above,
Praise him, my soul, for all his love.

*Bp. Ken.**

432 6.4. M.

Softly the silent night
Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
Over life's road;
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord, unto thee we cry,—
Father above!

Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thy angels bright,
Father above!

And when the gleam of morn
  Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
  Bids us arise,—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve thee still,
  Father above!

A. N. Blatchford.

433 9.8. M.

Lord, in this holy hour of even,
  By thine unfailing mercy blest,
Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
  And calmly on thy bosom rest.

Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
  And smoothed the path beneath our feet;
Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
  And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

And if some cross thy will has sent us,
  In which the good we see not now,
O God, may all thy mercies lent us,
  Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness;
  The fountain of our light thou art:
In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
  Thou comfort of the wounded heart!

From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
  Thy love shall gild the shades of night;
And midst the gloom with thee beside us,
  We'll rest in peace and wait the light.

T. Hincks.

434 10. M.

Go down, great sun, unto thy golden west,
  The day is done, the hours of labour past;
The night's dark shadows deepen all around;
  The day is over; rest has come at last.

And so our life to eventide draws nigh,
  Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
  And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

And in that holier world of joy and peace,
  Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
  How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

But there the Light that never dies shines on
  Undimmed, unclouded through the eternal years;
And souls shall find, in that sweet home of Love,
  The hand that wipes away the mourner's tears.

E. Husband.

435 M. 7.

Slowly, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; Oh how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, here am I;
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth:
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect peace of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my life attunèd be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

W. H. Furness.

436 C.M.D.

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise:
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars one by one
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Adelaide A. Procter.

437 L.M.

Another fleeting day is gone,
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear!

Another fleeting day is gone
To join the fugitives before;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake on earth no more.

Another fleeting day is gone;
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone:
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before his awful throne
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

W. B. Collyer.

438 M. 8.7.

Holiest! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

J. Edmeston.

439 M. 7.

Source of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new created earth.

Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day:
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to thy children's cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way of heavenly rest;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

*St. Gregory: tr. J. Chandler.**

440 10. M.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil temptation's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Come then in light before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*H. F. Lyte.**

441

M. 8.7.

On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

With her balmy offerings blending
Let our glad thanksgivings be,
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to thee.

Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.

Lord! when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know thee—feel thee near.

Julia A. Elliott.

442

M. 8.7.

Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise:
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

443 M. 7.

Heavenly Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer,
In the evening stillness we
Grateful raise our hearts to thee;
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

Gladly we thy presence seek;
Father! to our spirits speak:
Call us from the world away;
Still our passions' reckless play:
On our inner darkness shine;
Bend our wayward will to thine.

In this quiet eventide,
May we all with thee abide,
Own thy presence, feel thy power,
Through this consecrated hour;
And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

T. Hincks.

444 L.M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper-hymn and vesper-prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. Longfellow.

445 S.M.

It is the hour of prayer;
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!

O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

Thy love and tender care
Have led us on till now,
And gladly in the house of prayer.
In gratitude we bow.

Oh blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh.

Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This peaceful hour of prayer.

446 M. 7.

Hark, the evening call to prayer!
Lay we down each earthly care;
Still we every anxious fear,
Owning thus that God is near.

Father, from our hearts remove
Every veil that hides thy love;
Here the spirit's eye unseal;
Here thy glory now reveal.

Lord, in whom our spirits live!
Thou dost heavenly guidance give;
As a shepherd, leading still
Hearts submissive to thy will.
Quiet every passion wild;
Speak as to thy prophet-child;
Grant us childlike hearts, that we
May be willing, Lord, as he.

Send us holy calm within,
Cleanse us from the stains of sin;
Be each heart a sacred shrine,—
Still and pure, and wholly thine.
Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,
May the holy flame aspire;
Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
Be our vesper sacrifice.

T. Hincks.

447 M. 7.

Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the closing Sabbath-day;
Gentle as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades:
All things tell of calm repose
At the peaceful Sabbath's close.

Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the inner peace,
When the spirit's troubles cease.

Father, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

448 9.8. M.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

J. Ellerton.

449 10. M.

Father, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,—
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

*J. Ellerton.**

450 8.6.8. M.

O Father, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

For all we love—the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad,
Thou art our God, Thou art our All!
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Father of spirits, be our light.

*F. W. Faber.**

451 M. 7.

Now your pleasant labours close;
Night invites you to repose;
Now for peaceful slumbers pray,
Or dreams that may prolong the day.

God, our Sun! the day we own
Thine,—in purest pleasures flown;
God, our Shield! with confidence
Thee we make our night's defence.

Thee we bless for every thought
By thy holy Sabbath brought;
Thee we trust for aid to lead
Holy thought to holy deed.

Lord! when life's short day is past,
Like this evening be our last;
Like a Sabbath let it cease,
Leaving thanks, and hope, and peace.

J. G. Robberds.

452 M. 7.

FATHER! now our prayer is said,
Lay thy hand upon our head:
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But we know that love will stay.

While we sleep it will be near;
We shall wake and find it here;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.

And when things are sad and wrong,
Then we know that love is strong.
When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that love is deep.

Love is old, and love is new;
Love outlasteth firm and true;
May our love for ever be
Perfected, O Lord, in thee.

*W. B. Rands.**

453 M. 8.7.7.

Father, now the day is over,
As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creep slowly round us,
Ere soft slumber be our guest,
Let us bless thee that to-day,
Thou, O God, hast been our stay.

Lord, we need no earthly temple,
For, where we thy love have found,
All thy humblest creatures teach us
Where we are is holy ground:
Lord, we need no holier place
Than where we thy love can trace.

For the birds and flowers we thank thee,
For each song and perfume sweet,
For the faith that dare address thee,
For the love that may thee greet;
Most that we for every gift
May our souls to thee uplift.

For the love of friends we bless thee,
Who to-day our joys have shared,
Whose true hearts spread out before us,
Have thy love to us declared;
For each thought of truth and love
They have echoed from above:

For the mystic band which binds us
Each to each, and all to thee,
And with all the past entwines us,
In the world's long harmony;
For each striving human soul
Which is part of thy great whole:

For each gift thou hast withholden
From our foolish, grasping hands;
For each pang which quick has chidden
Every breach of thy commands;
For the weariness and pain
Which thou hast not sent in vain.

Pour thy Spirit, Lord, upon us,
Guard us in unconscious sleep;
Be that Spirit ever with us
While death's slumbers o'er us creep;
And, our life's long journey past,
We are safe with thee at last.

S. A. Brooke.

454 C.M.

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace on us descend,
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be near to God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be he of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep;
Protect our homes, renew our powers,
And guard his people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

455 C.M.

AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship thee.

For thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

Oh wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine.

O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are.

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—a perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours.

W. Bright.

456 C.M.

Not on this day, O God, alone,
Would we thy presence seek;
But fain its hallowing power would own
Through all the coming week.

If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To thee, from whom they flow.

Or should they bring us griefs severe,
Still may we lean on thee,
And though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.

In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek;
And Oh, do thou direct us right
Through all the coming week.

W. Gaskell.

457 M. 7.

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

J. Newton.

458 M. 8.7.

Part in peace! Is day before us—
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us—
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! With deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! Such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah F. Adams.

459 M. 8.7.

Father, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

S. Longfellow.

460 M. 7.

If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

Father! may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

Ingram Cobbin.

461 L.M.

Lord! now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing thy love.

J. Dracup.

462 M. 8.7.

Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

W. Shirley.

463 6.8.M.

REJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn:
O happy mortals! raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days!
Oh bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice!

J. Taylor.

464 13.14. M.

When spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade,
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?

No! let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the glade;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee!

*Bp. Heber.**

465 7.6. M.

Lord of the silent winter,—
Beneath whose skies of grey,
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day;
If human hearts are dreary,
By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled!

Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year;
Breathe on our hearts in blessing,
Away our sadness roll;
And send, all pain redressing,
A spring-time to the soul!

Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky;
Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be!

Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When vineyards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door;
Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth!

Lord of the changing seasons,
Lord of our passing days!
Wake thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise;
That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring!

Dendy Agate.

466 L.M.

Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While the great wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
O'er all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

Oh may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. Doddridge.

467 L.M.D.

My God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day.
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,

And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;—
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise.

Helen M. Williams.

468 C.M.D.

The springtide hour brings leaf and flower
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay wears out the day,
In many a leafy grove:

Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
  Their choicest gifts to bring;
And shall my heart not bear its part
  Amid the songs of spring?

Dews fall apace,—the dews of grace
  Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine delights to shine
  Upon the waste within:
Yet, year by year, fruits, flowers appear,
  And birds their praises sing;
But oft my heart bears not its part,
  Its winter has no spring.

Lord! let thy love, fresh from above,
  Soft as the south winds blow;
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
  And bid its spices flow!
And when thy voice makes earth rejoice,
  And hills to laugh and sing,
Lord, make this heart to bear its part,
  And join the praise of spring.

*J. S. B. Monsell.**

469 M. 7.

Kindly spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear:
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Sing their great Creator's praise.

Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

Lord, vouchsafe a spring to me;
Let me be like that I see:
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

Give to me the breath of life,
Joy for mourning, peace for strife;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

J. Newton.

470 C.M.D.

There's life abroad;—from each green tree
A busy murmur swells;
The bee is up at early dawn
Stirring the cowslip-bells.
There's motion in the lightest leaf
That trembles on the stream;
The insect scarce an instant rests,
Light dancing in the beam.

There's life abroad;—the silvery threads
That float about in air,
Where'er their wanton flight they take,
Proclaim that life is there.

And bubbles on the quiet lake,
  And yonder music sweet,
And stirrings in the rustling leaves,
  The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life; and, louder still,
  The spirit speaks within,
O'erpowering, with its strong, deep voice,
  The world's incessant din.
There's life without; and, better far,
  Within there's life and power,
And liberty of heart and mind
  To love, believe, adore.

Emily Taylor.

471 M. 7.

Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Bear the record, "God is love."

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred—
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden, "God is love."

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is love."

T. R. Taylor.

472 M. 6.5.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad, and deep, and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
  Dark across our sky,
Then, the mist uplifting,
  Father, be thou nigh.

We will never doubt thee,
  Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
  Death with thee is bright.

Light of Light! shine o'er us
  On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
  To the endless day.

Bp. How.

473 7.6. M.

The year is swiftly waning,
  The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
  The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
  In silence come and go:
But thou, Eternal Father,
  No time or change canst know.

Oh pour thy grace upon us,
  That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
  To dwell in heaven with thee.

Behold the bending orchards
With beauteous fruit are crowned:
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow,
And see at last thy face.

Bp. How.

474 C.M.

Fountain of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
  Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
  And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway,
  Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
  Summer nor winter, fails.

Alice Flowerdew.

475 7.6.8.4. M.

We plough the fields, and scatter
  The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
  By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
  The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
  And soft refreshing rain.
    All good gifts around us
      Are sent from heaven above;
    Then thank the Lord, Oh thank the Lord,
      For all his love!

He only is the Maker
  Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
  He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
  By him the birds are fed;—
Much more to us, his children,
  He gives our daily bread.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, Oh thank the Lord,
For all his love!

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, Oh thank the Lord,
For all his love!

M. Claudius.

476 L.M.

The last full wain has come—has come;
And brought the golden harvest home:
The labours of the year are done:
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One!

For the green spring, her herbs and flowers,
For the warm summer's blooming bowers,
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet autumn decks her brows;—

For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day;
For the round moon whose yellow light
Gilds the long labours of the night;—

For the rich sea of shining grain
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman;—

For the soft herbage of the soil,
For ruddy health, the child of toil;
For all the increase of the earth,
For homes and hearts it fills with mirth:—

For these, O God of earth and skies,
Our grateful thanks to thee shall rise:
No longer now the storms we fear;—
Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year!

*J. Brettell.**

477 6.4. M.

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise :
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord :
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest-song
Bless ye the Lord.

J. Montgomery.

478 L.M.

'Tis winter now ; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
His life within the keen air breathes.
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

S. Longfellow.

479 C.M.D.

God of the glorious summer hours,
When scented breezes blow,
We worshipped thee amid the flowers,
We'll worship in the snow.
For all the changing year is thine,
Winter as well as spring;
The bare branch and the leafy vine
Thy praises both shall sing.

Thy love the past year led us through,
Thy love the new year gives:
Each month hath blessings fresh and new
For everything that lives.

Let bitter winds their hardest blow,
Let desolation reign;
From out their graves beneath the snow
New worlds shall live again.

M. J. Savage.

480 M. 7.

Backward looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories, all bright and fair,
Seem to float, on spirit wings,
Downward through the silent air.

Hark! through all their music sweet,
  Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
  "Happy be the coming year."

Father! comes that voice from thee,
  Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
Good in all thy future stored,
  Fairer than in all the past.

J. W. Chadwick.

481 C.M.

Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break;
  Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
  The Father cease to love.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er,
  But, Lord, thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
  But pardoning grace still streams.

Lord! from this year more service win,
  More glory, more delight!
Oh make its hours less sad with sin,
  Its days with thee more bright!

Then we may bless its precious things,
  If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
  If thou wouldst take us home.

Oh! golden then the hours must be,
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill.

482 6. M.

Joy! joy! a year is born;
A year to man is given,
For hope and peace and love,
For faith and truth and heaven.

Though earth be dark with care,
With death and sorrow rife,
Yet toil and pain and prayer
Lead to our higher life.

Behold! the fields are white:
No longer idly stand:
Go forth in love and might;
Man needs thy helping hand.

Thus may each day and year
To prayer and toil be given;
Till man to God draw near,
And earth become like heaven.

483 M. 7.6.

Father, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:

Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.

If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

If thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify thy Name."

L. Tuttiett.

484 L.M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

P. Doddridge.

485 10. M.

GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour!
Here in thy temple bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine,
To cheer its hours of darkness, all are thine.

If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wast true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wast present there.

Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
Well may we dread to meet thine awful eye,
And self-reproved before thy footstool lie.

Oh lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

Emily Taylor.

486 7.6. M.

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The everlasting thou!

Our years are like the shadows
  On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
  That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
  By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
  Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who dost not slumber,
  Whose light grows never pale,
Lead us aright to number
  Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
  On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
  The hearts thyself hast blest.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
  With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
  We see thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
  A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
  An ocean without shore.

Bp. Bickersteth.

487 C.M.

O Time! ne'er resteth thy swift wing,
Thy minutes make no stay;
Yet what vast treasure do they bring,
What treasure bear away!

O richly laden hours, ye fly,
Yet ye lay down your load;
O minutes, freighted awfully,
Your freight is all bestowed.

Ye bring the world's consuming care,—
Ye bring the tempter's wile,
Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer,
Ye bring the Father's smile.

Yes, Lord, our days may be divine,
Our hours may golden be;
The brightness of their light may shine
Through all eternity.

We mourn not, hours, the wings ye take,
If your blest dower be given:
Fly on, bright minutes, if ye make
Our souls more meet for heaven!

Yes, parted years, still sweetly breathe!
Still blessedly appear!
And glory and delight bequeath
To the eternal year!

T. H. Gill.

488 L.M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

C. Wesley.

489 M. 8.7.

WORK, it is thy highest mission;
Work, all blessing centres there;
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the true, and good, and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,
  Opening still new fields beyond;
'Tis of thought the full fruition;
  'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work: by labour comes the unsealing
  Of the thoughts that in thee burn;
Comes in action the revealing
  Of the truths thou hast to learn.

Work in helping, loving union
  With thy brethren of mankind;
With the foremost hold communion,
  Succour those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish;
  And thy followers in the way,
For thy works thy name shall cherish:
  Work, while it is called to-day.

F. M. White.

490 M. 8.7.

Live for something; be not idle;
  Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,—
  Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
  Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties:
  Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway,
Gentle words and cheering smiles:
Better far than gold and silver
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

491 7.6.7.5. M.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
  Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
  Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
  Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
  Fadeth, to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
  When man's work is o'er.

492 8.6.7.6. M

Rouse up to work that waits for us,
  O spendthrifts of to-day!
We'll make our daily record
  A grand one while we may.
    There's work to do, there's work to do
      For God and fellow-man;
    In earth's great field of labour,
      We'll do the best we can.

Shake off the sloth that fetters us,
  Put on the will that wins;
The battle, for the earnest,
  In their own heart begins.

No nobler hero in the fight,
  Since battle-fields began,
Than he who chooses nobly,
  And does the best he can.

So work while day is passing on;
  And at life's setting sun,
When all our sheaves are gathered,
  The Lord will say, "Well done!"

*E. E. Rexford.**

493 M. 8.7.

If you cannot on the ocean,
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
  While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
  As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

If you cannot be a hero,
  Foremost in the work to-day,
Leading on to great achievement,
  You can follow and obey.
If, when all the victors enter,
  You are left outside the gate,
God will there have duty for you,
  For they serve who stand and wait.

Do not then stand idly asking
  For some greater work to do;
But improve each passing moment,
  For the moments may be few.
Go, and toil in any vineyard;
  Do not fear to do or dare:
If you want a field of labour,
  You can find it anywhere.

Helen H. Gates.

494 M. 10.9.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing
  For the far off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
  Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
  All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
  Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriot Winslow.

495 C.M.

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Light to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found
That filled their homes again;

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
  That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
  Springs from the life below.

They live with God! their homes are dust;
  Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
  To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
  On him thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips thy pure commands,
  Thou Heart that lovest all!

R. W. Emerson.

496 L.M.

Where ancient forests widely spread,
  Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
  There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
  Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
  Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thine altars are; for there,
  When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
  Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy, for all space
  Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
  Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
  That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
  Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
  Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
  And raise to thee still holier prayers.

A. Norton.

497 L.M.

Within these walls, O holy Lord,
  With grateful hearts once more we meet,
To sing thy praise, to hear thy word,
  And humbly seek thy mercy-seat.

To worship thee with conscience clear,
  Our fathers raised this house of prayer;
Our fathers' God still meets us here
  When we to these loved courts repair.

In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
  Or when in penitence we bend,
Oh help us, Lord, to feel and know
  Thou art our everlasting Friend.

If lowly, contrite, and sincere,
  Thy children still thy face may seek
With filial trust, not slavish fear;
  Thy favour ne'er deserts the meek.

Thy tender mercies, ever sure,
  Doth Christ proclaim by thy command;
And long as time and earth endure,
  Shall his great name and gospel stand.

Like him, with all our soul and strength
  We would thy gracious will obey;
And when from earth we're called at length,
  Oh lead us, Lord, the heavenly way.

S. Charlesworth.

498 8. M.

To Light, that shines in stars and souls;
  To Law, that rounds the worlds with calm;
To Love, whose equal triumph rolls
  Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm,—
These walls are wed with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not built with hands.

May purer sacraments be here
  Than ever dwelt in rite or creed;
Hallowed the hours with vows sincere
  To serve the time's all pressing need,
And rear, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of Freedom, folds of Love.

Here be the wanderers homeward led;
  Here living streams in fulness flow;
And every hungering soul be fed
  That yearns the Eternal will to know;
Here conscience hurl her stern reply
To Mammon's lust and slavery's lie.

Speak, living God, thy full command,
  Through prayer of faith and word of power,
That we with girded loins may stand
  To do thy work and wait thine hour;
And sow, mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years.

S. Johnson.

499 L.M.

God of our fathers, hear our prayer:
Thy holy throne is everywhere;
Thine arm upheld thy saints of old,
And still is strong to guard thy fold.

Our fathers loved to hear thy word,
Ere Freedom's sacred voice was heard;
And, faithful, kept from age to age,
The truth, our noblest heritage.

Not as of old, with silent fear,
We raise our home and altar here;
Ours is the brighter, fairer day,
Of Reason's light and Freedom's way.

Father! give thou thy blessing here,
Since to thy name this house we rear,
That ages yet unborn may share
The trust committed to our care.

Here let a church, devout and free,
Arise, devoted, Lord! to thee;—
Our faith divine, our worship pure,
Our work abiding, firm, and sure.

J. P. Hopps.

500 C.M.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

501 6.7.6. M.

"WHERE is your God?" they say:
Answer them, Lord most holy!
Reveal thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent, high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder:
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder;—
Of duty grown divine,
The restless spirit still;
Of sorrows taught to shine,
As shadows of thy will.

O God! the pure alone,—
E'en in their deep confessing,—
Can see thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing;
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in thy still, small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

Dr. James Martineau.

502 L.M.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought me, let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with heavenly meat.

Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,—
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

503 S.M.

A FITLY spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers;
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

An honest, truthful word,
It has a tongue of flame;
On wings of wind it flies abroad,
And wins a heavenly fame.

A wise and holy word,
It falls as doth the dew;
A sweet refreshment to afford,
And virtue's strength renew.

A gentle, gracious word,
'Tis music in the heart;
Thrilling its very inmost chord,
Till tears unbidden start.

Speak thou, then, lovingly,
Out of a Christ-like soul;
Thy words a blessèd balm shall be,
To make the sin-sick whole.

Speak, for the love of God;
Speak, for the love of man;
The words of truth love sends abroad
Shall never be in vain.

G. B. Bubier.

504 7.6.8.6. M.

God bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

God love the little children,
The angels at the door,
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

God keep the little children
Whom we no more can see;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

J. P. Hopps.

505 L.M.

Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the vine he set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; his power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by councils wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide his heritage.

J. Ellerton.

506 C.M.

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Oh guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion pure and mild
U pon our sabbaths smile;
A piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

Lord of the nations! thus to thee
  Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
  Her everlasting friend!

J. R. Wreford.

507 6.4. M.

Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood,
  And raised their hymn:
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
  Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
  Guard well your trust;
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their stainless purity,
  Their sacred dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
  All nature fills!
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh let thy light repose
  On our free hills.

J. Pierpont.

508 L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Oh may his glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*I. Watts.**

509 L. M.

Holy as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

And when thy purity we share,
Only thy glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

Sole self-existent God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored!
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

C. Wesley.

510 7.6. M.

To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give;
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live:

Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

W. Gaskell.

511 C.M.

Thou art the first, and thou the last;
Time centres all in thee,—
The almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

J. P. Estlin.

512 L.M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above,
Praise him, my soul, for God is Love!

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